

Vol. XV.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1905

No. 34.

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# The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Wealth's Waning Power

By W. M. R.

LET the insurance and other disclosures proceed. They make for Democracy. They shatter the Business Man idol. They bring home the truth that tremendous fortunes are not honestly acquired, but are heaped up through trickery and the hoodwinking of the Law or its perversion to private ends. Big business is only a refinement of smaller crookedness. It is run for "meself and me friends." Business honor is a myth among those who prate most about it. The man with money who can't show a clean title to it is declassed. Money is being put where it belongs in the estimate of things. Its possession means nothing, except that its possessor is under suspicion until he proves himself innocent. Mere business success no longer establishes a man's worth in any community. He has to measure up to standards other than what he has accumulated. Who is he, what has he done, other than fix himself in the world's goods? Anyone can make money, who will give up a hundred better things, including his better self. In all their wealth the criminal, or at least lawless, rich, brought under the glare of publicity shrivel up pitifully. They become contemptible, the more so as they so often seem utterly unaware that they have done anything wrong. The big rich are being whittled down to ordinary size. Their influence is becoming nil. They are finding themselves literally stripped in the eye of the world, poor, with nothing but money. The Almighty Dollar is losing its power. But there is an honest wealth, and it will command respect among men. There will still be money to be made, but it will be worth little if it be not made by fair methods, in which all men shall have an equal chance along honest lines. It will come to pass that it will be dishonorable to be wealthy if every dollar a man has cannot be shown to have come to him through means unreprehensible. Tainted money is more widespread than we have imagined. It has begun to taint men's reputations. Their wives shudder at it. Their children hang their heads at relations of parental chicane, forestalling, graft and pelf within forms of law. Money taint is bringing about political and social ostracism, and out of their own defiant mouths are the plutocratic pariahs convicted. And all this has come about with the rise to distinction of the one man "on the square"—Theodore Roosevelt. We shall not debate whether he be a cause or a symptom of our reaction. There he is—the embodiment of the idea of "on the square." There is but one other dividing honors with him. That's the man from Missouri, Joe Folk. As men they have their faults, and not pleasant ones. They are disliked by many men as square and on the level as they. But they embody an idea recrudescing in the public mind; and that idea is a reaction against favoritism, classism, Laodicean tolerance of evils that have been almost disinfected by growth into custom. Whither all this will lead we need not now consider, any more than how and how far back the moral renaissance began. Neither need we point out that

many a hypocrite rides the great reform wave. The money-lords are tottering into disrepect. Corruption is less and less masked under reputability. The man is what is beginning to count—with money or without. And God grant that we have enough sense of humor left in us to save us from our tendency to carry things to extremes, and set up a Pharisaism. Let us not forget and hate the sin instead of the sinner. Let us give credit to some of the sinful rich for not knowing truly what it was they did. Some of us who rejoice at the reaction against the cult of the rich have sins of our own to answer for, and some of them mean and small of spirit. You're not right on all this reform business if you can't heave a brick or two at yourself, and feel a little sorry for Hyde and Alexander and Schiff and Rockefeller and McCall and the fined beef packers, and all the discomfited and discredited. Think how you'd show up if all your letters were read in court, if your account books were examined rigorously by a hostile legal ferret, if you were called upon to explain all your little deals. That's the way to look at all this business right. How would you stand forth stripped of the habiliments in which you hide from the world your inner mind and secret heart? Let's not be hypocrites in howling at the discovered. There's none of us who, summoned to a truly revealing asize, would come forth spotless and unashamed. This means me as well as you.

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## Hounding the Man

By W. M. R.

MY, oh, my! How everybody has been jumping on George Morton, passenger agent of the M., K. and T. Railroad for the past two or three weeks, just because he loved a lady "on the side," tired of her, cast her off and fled from a shot she fired at him. Now, for the women to do that may be all right, but for the men—well, they will find something to their profit in John 8: 3-11. For the Saviour, when those about Him clamored for judgment on a sinner, "stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground, as though He heard them not." The Saviour wrote in the sands the secret sins of those who besought Him for judgment. How many men joining in the cry against Morton have an immaculate record with regard to their treatment of women? How many are there who can cast a stone at Morton without a thought of some guilt of their own in which the woman suffered? Does ever or did ever any man treat any woman as nearly square as he treats a man? I don't think so. There's no defending Morton. He's not much worse, and he may be some better than the most of the rest of us. He has been shown up, and that's where he is at a disadvantage. He has pitifully humiliated his family, and he has been made the "mark" for a great deal of denunciation by men who have equally humiliated their wives without being found out. The

Sprague woman is a bad woman. If she were not, she would not have struck Mrs. Morton as she has, neither would she revel in her own notoriety, as she evidently does. It seems that Morton has been punished enough for what he has done by the performance of the Sprague woman, showing him what he had thought himself in love with, but whether he has or not, this puling and puking in the press and elsewhere over his errancy is disgusting when one reflects that nine men out of ten are as guilty as Morton, if not so foolish, and have no superiority to him in any respect, save that of having been able to "square" the *tertium quid* lady without the matter getting into the public prints. How very moral we all are! And what are we doing to Morton with our damned hypocritical cant of condemnation. Widening the breach between him and his family. Branding him for our own sins. Hounding him out of his job, and giving every boy in the streets a cry to hurl at his children. Blazing upon Mrs. Morton her failure to hold her husband. All for what? Mrs. Sprague has damned herself. She flounces her defilement in our faces. It's all a nauseating exhibition of moral fakery. Morton seduced a married woman! Balderdash! No married woman is ever seduced. She is, ninety-nine times out of one hundred, the seducer, and a seducer by storm, tireless in assault, inescapable, madly reckless of consequences. She doesn't care for the man's wife when her hunt is on. She is as remorselessly cruel as the man turns out to be when the score is being settled, and she makes her appeal against her self-wrought doom to the very chivalry and honor she most violated. In this case, with the aid of evidently badly "stuck" journalists, she appeals with all the art of the seductress to the general public. She smears herself upon the pages that greet us at breakfast and at dinner. The odor and sheen of her flesh are in our noses and eyes, and her siren voice in our ears. It's sickening. What do I conclude? Oh, nothing; except that we're all a lot of snide pretenders, ready to turn on our brothers, and that woman generally has the worst of it in her dealings with man, but when one gets even and delivers retribution she generally does so in a way to avenge a hundred of her voiceless and unconsidered fallen and sunken sisters.

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## Reflections

*The Cause of the Quarrel.*

IN the many accounts of the cause of the differences between Joseph Ramsey, Jr., and George Gould that have appeared in the various newspapers all over the country, the real cause has not been published. About three years ago Messrs. Ramsey and Russell Harding, representing Gould, conceived the idea of buying a majority of the Pere Marquette Railroad stock, with the object of turning it over, in a short time, to the Wabash company. For the purpose of buying a majority of the stock a syndicate was formed in St. Louis. The syndicate received satisfactory assurance from Messrs. Ramsey and Harding, and from Mr. Gould personally, that there would be no trouble in getting the Wabash railroad company to purchase the Pere Marquette railroad company inside of two years, the life of the syndicate agreement. There was no trouble in forming the syndicate. Mr. Gould's assurance alone, as the virtual, if not the actual, owner of the Wabash was considered sufficient warrant for going ahead. Wealthy St. Louisans fell over themselves in an effort to participate in the underwriting. The St. Louis Union Trust Company crowd headed by Mr. Thos. H. West were the organizers. The syndicate shares for buying control of the Pere Marquette went at once to

a premium. All Mr. West's friends were let in on the good thing; all Mr. Ramsey's friends got a slice; all Mr. Russell Harding's friends and associates were given a chunk of the melon. In addition to this, the Boston friends of the St. Louis Union were treated liberally, and they became associated with T. H. West in buying control of the Pere Marquette. The control was purchased by a committee composed of T. H. West, T. H. Prince of Boston and Joseph Ramsey, Jr. To this syndicate George Gould and his family became large subscribers, taking nearly 25 per cent of the total underwriting. The members of the syndicate felt happy, as they counted their profit and how much they were each going to make on the profitable sale to the Wabash; but, while the syndicate had control of a majority of the stock of the Pere Marquette, there was a delay in selling to the Wabash, although the two years in which the Wabash was to make the purchase had nearly expired. Intimations came to the syndicate managers that Mr. Gould would not carry out his agreement or understanding on behalf of the Wabash to take over the road at the end of the two years. The syndicate managers also learned that Mr. Gould was buying, in addition to his share in the syndicate holdings of the Pere Marquette, the minority stock in the open market, so that he could control the road independent of the syndicate holdings. The managers of the syndicate, learning all this, were panic stricken. They demanded of Mr. Gould that he carry out his promise made on behalf of the Wabash. This Mr. Gould declined to do. After several meetings the syndicate decided their only salvation was to outbid Gould for the minority stock. They bought, in Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and elsewhere, all the minority floating stock of the Pere Marquette that could be found, and after a very hard struggle succeeded in getting an absolute control of the road without depending on the syndicate holdings of the Goulds. Then they had an elephant on their hands. The syndicate were very tired and very sore over Gould's treachery and deceit. The little Kanawha and other syndicates organized by Mr. Ramsey were gotten up in much the same way before the Pere Marquette syndicate exploded; all for the purpose of selling out to the Wabash at a big profit for the insiders, but Gould did not live up to his promise. After many vain offerings the Pere Marquette was got rid of by Russell Harding and T. H. Prince by selling it to the C., H. and D. road at a merely nominal profit. Russell Harding has left the Missouri Pacific and is now president of the Pere Marquette and vice president of the C., H. and D. Ramsey is fighting Gould for control of the Wabash. The other members of the syndicate are much wiser if not very much richer. Their experience perhaps is worth the money. George Gould is worse off by losing two very competent railroad officials, while his word or promise, always of dubious value, is now considered worthless. And Ramsey has "blown the works," so that the Gould system in Missouri is wrecked.

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*The International Quarterly*

EVERYBODY can't live all the time on light literature. For those who can't, or don't want to, I would recommend Fox, Duffield & Co.'s *International Quarterly* as a review more solid and less palpably *ad captandum* than the *North American* or the *Forum*. Herein are matters scientifically, basically treated, and the subjects are of wide range, from the most

rarified culture to the aridly practical and statistical. I have never seen it at a book store in St. Louis, and I bring it to attention here for the benefit of those who want something in literature that fills substantially a place between the breakfast food and the angel cake of the too popular magazines. The current (October) issue is a satisfying spread of matter, prepared with a view to timeliness, and yet with regard for permanent authoritativeness.

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*Government Owned Telegraph.*

PUBLIC ownership creeps upon us. The United States is operating cable and telegraph lines in far, white Alaska and all over the Philippine archipelago. The Signal Service department strung and sank its wires for army and official use, but the lines are open to the service of the public and are earning revenue in that way. The government business from the Seattle office has been charged up at \$20,000. Commercial business has netted \$32,000 in the same period, two months. Will the government let go of its telegraph lines? Not much. They will be extended. Public ownership of the telegraph lines has begun. Wall street should begin to shake in its boots.

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JEROME's chance has come. Let him land some of the big insurance thieves, like the McCalls and McCurdys, in the penitentiary, and he will eclipse Folk.

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*Salus Populi*

BAWDY houses are to be closed in St. Louis by the order preventing the sale of liquor in such places. This will make the streets at night populous with hungry harpies ready to dope and rob their victims. It will increase the Priapian flats in the West End as far out as Kingshighway. It will give wider, freer play to the panel-workers. It will revive the moribund wine-room evil in new guises. It will make ten secret bawdy houses where there has been one well known. It's all right to enforce the law, but there is reason in all things, and the stoppage of liquor selling in houses of ill fame will create evils a thousand times worse than the recent violation of law. In this matter Gov. Folk's attention is directed to the motto on the State's coat-of-arms:—*The safety of the public is the supreme law*. There are some laws—man made, exclusively—that must be blinked. There are some evils that must be tolerated. There is no law cure for the social evil. And the enforcement of any law that tends to make the evil infectious, to disperse it beyond possibility of surveillance and regulation is in itself a crime. This whole "lid" business is a grave mistake. It "drives in" the virus of vice on the body politic. It makes for the sodden souse "in the secret house of shame." This is an unpleasant subject, but the consequences of shutting off liquor selling in the house of the sign "Felicity: Inquire Within," will be worse than unpleasant. The cure is worse than the disease.

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MIGHT be a good idea to put our Mayor into the Public Museum as the only living fossil, the greatest extant specimen of the contemporaneous "stiff."

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THESE are halcyon days. You can get up in the morning before breakfast each day and be sure that there is at least one broad laugh and a sheaf of smiles in store for you in the *Globe-Democrat* editorial page department signed T. K. H., meaning Tubman K. Hedrick. And there's always one editorial in mock-serious, semi-sarcastic vein on the politics of Missouri that is worth reading for its sheer



filtratory quality of humor. There's some one on the *Globe-Democrat* editorial staff who can write and think. There are some on the *Republic's* who can, but don't.

❖❖

OVER in Ohio the Democrats are getting ready for a great triumph in their State campaign. They expect to lose, on their "lid" issues and blue-nosed candidate, by less than 100,000 majority.

❖❖

#### A New Woman Right

IS THE New Woman a myth? Hardly. Harken ye! The betrothal is announced of Lord Willoughby De Eresby, eldest son of the Earl of Ancaster, and Eloise Lawrence Breese of New York. Eloise Lawrence Breese is a daughter of the late J. Salisbury Breese, and a sister of James L. Breese. She lives when in New York, with her mother at 35 East Twenty-second street, and has a place of her own, Nundaö, at Tuxedo. Miss Breese is an enthusiastic sports-woman, and has taken great interest in yachting and automobiling. She owns the yacht *Elsa*, and is its commander. She is a flag member of the New York Yacht Club, as well as a member of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club. Miss Breese operates her own automobile. In June, 1904, she ran down and killed an Italian boy on a bicycle near the outskirts of Tuxedo Park. With Miss Breese at the time were several friends. Eye witnesses of the accident said Miss Breese was blameless, and the coroner's jury so held. In September, 1904, Miss Breese was speeding down Fifth avenue in an auto, when she was held up by a policeman and her driver was arrested. Miss Breese pleaded with the policeman to allow her to go on, saying that she was hurrying to the bedside of her mother, who was ill. Her pleading was in vain, and the next day her driver was held in the police court. Miss Breese is credited with being worth a million in her own name. In addition to her yacht and automobiles, she has several fine horses. She is a member of the National Arts Club, the Tuxedo Club, the Society of the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the American Revolution. All this is in the news. Miss Breese is certainly breezy. She has more interests and activities than hundreds of men in the swell sets of New York. She must make the dudes look like plugged dimes. I wonder if she reads the last chapter of a novel first to see how it turns out, if she would stand up on a chair if a rat entered the room, if she sits on the floor to put on her stockings, if she carries pins in her mouth when putting up her back hair, if she's ever ready in time to reach the play before the middle of the first act, if she always has to leave the room just as a man begins reading something to her. If so, we shall believe in her, but if not—well, Lord Willoughby De Eresby can have her.

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ONCE more! Won't the ladies, please, put away those soiled white canvas shoes?

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#### The Chinese Issue

SO THE President is going to put the relaxation of the anti-Chinese regulations to the front as an issue in his Southern tour. What will Labor say to this? Much and raucously. But Labor won't run the country any more than Wealth, for some time to come. All special class interests that want to impress their demands on the country as superior to the entire people's rights will have to take a back seat. The Square Deal goes all down the line—for the Chinaman, the Negro, everybody. We've got

to come to this or go to the dogs. That's all there's to it: and the South is a good place to begin with explaining the deal, now that it sees, by way of the Canal, its interest in the maintenance of friendly relations with China and the East. Soon it will be brought around to a better justice towards the black man.

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"THE lid" is not helping St. Louis to get a million population. People may not be looking for a wide-open town, but they are not looking for a strait-jacket town.

❖❖

#### Single Tax

IF all the people who are worrying themselves about the taxes other people in this community do not pay, will look into the Single Tax theory of taxation, they will find there the only system which will absolve men of the necessity of perjuring themselves to the Assessor, the only system that will place the tax where it cannot be escaped, the only system that will not benefit the drones of society at the expense of the workers, the only system that will equalize taxation and discourage monopoly. Only as taxation in these days approximates the tax on land alone is taxation just. Henry George is the last word on economics. Anyone reading him carefully, without an eye to the favor of the monopoly class, with a mind open to conviction and a heart really caring for honesty, will admit that taxation along the lines indicated by George will produce the greatest good to the greatest number at the sacrifice of no individual. Tax the community value of land and you get at all values developing out of the land by the fact of the presence and the needs of the community, for the benefit of the community.

❖❖

GEORGE McDONALD died some days ago, aged 81, and little notice did his death receive in the daily press. He wasn't a great novelist, but who that read his "Sir Gibbie" will ever forget it? The Kailyard has produced nothing to compare with it, except "Sentimental Tommy" and its sequel.

❖❖

SAM COOK'S suits against the newspapers are shrinking under the revelations as to the crookedness of the Salmon Bank at Clinton and Wiley O. Cox's bank at Kansas City. They ran along beautifully on spook assets without his discovering the facts.

❖❖

#### The Peaceful Doctor

CONGRESSMAN HERR DOKTOR BARTHOLDT is home from the Peace Conference. He dined with Kaiser Wilhelm, and he consulted with Adolphus Busch—the two world-powers—at Bad Nauheim. He is full of honors and cleansing waters. He wants nothing more—but the Nobel prize for peace making. But he shan't have it yet. He must come right here and pacificate the Republican City Central Committee and suppress the rebellion against him in St. Louis County. He must make the ladies of the German-American Woman's Alliance and Rev. Billy Palmore kiss and make up. He must use his best offices to get Schlitz and Pabst and Blatz of Milwaukee to quit the peaceful penetration of this city with their beer in competition with our own delectable product. He must go down to the Cherokee Garden and spread healing schmierkase over the wounds of Henry Besch, ejected from the City Committee by Otto Stifel. He must make a speech to the waltzers at Hashagen's, that softly sweet in Lydian measure he may soothe their souls to contentment under the lid, and he must call on Larry Manion down by the odorous Des Peres

and convince him that the highest philosophy is that of Tolstoi—non-resistance to the mighty Folk. Schwattmorgen, und Pumpernickel und Senfgurken and all the Teutonic deities! Shall Peace prevail everywhere except in the home of the great pacificator? Not as long as there exists an essential dichotomy between a pretzel and one of Charlie Wenneker's Nadja Caramels, not while the purling stream of Falstaff flows under the Anheuser-Busch. It is up to Hon. Herr Doktor Bartholdt to demonstrate that he has the Dove of Peace up his sleeve, under his hat or in his coat-tail pocket, and can produce it at will.

❖❖

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN will be elected Mayor of Greater New York. Then he may run for Governor. Then he may be a Presidential possibility. But he'll have to get away from "the interests" before he can fit into the situation that will present itself in 1908. He will have to break with "Taa-man-nee" before the people at large will trust him, however good he may be.

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#### Gould's St. Louis Men

MR. GEORGE J. GOULD may have been disappointed in "Fighting Joe" Ramsey, Jr., but he has no need to despair of the faith of his subordinates so long as he has Papa Henry Clay Townsend in the Missouri Pacific and Charles Slupsky Crane in the Wabash, not to mention Col. Wells H. Blodgett, who was the real power that put the Wabash into Pittsburg, before Cassatt of the Pennsylvania knew that there was anything doing in that direction. In fact, when Cassatt called on President McKinley to see about whether there was anything in the story that the Wabash was to be authorized to invade his territory, the big Pennsylvania man ran into Col. Blodgett, who had just finished off the job, and had all necessary bills duly signed, and finding the jig up, went back to Philadelphia and ordered, in revenge, the chopping down of all Western Union poles along his lines. Blodgett, not Ramsey, turned the trick. Ramsey built the road, and Gould claims at several millions more than it should have cost. These veteran railroad men representing the Gould interests, here, are no small part of the secret of local good will towards the Gould interests, while Mr. Alex. G. Cochran is, of course, the exquisitely ornamental, *otium cum dignitate* front for those interests in the higher politics and high society. Mr. Gould may lose several Ramseys and lament them, but these stand-bys are looked up to in the local railroad world with affection and respect, as not only good railroad men, but good citizens of St. Louis. George Gould has yet a few men here who can run his railroad business, and run it well.

❖❖

GETTING the World's Fair into Forest Park was nothing of a task compared with getting it out of the Park. Clear out the debris and junk! Wipe out the insult of a charge for the privilege of gazing on the wreck!

❖❖

#### Vive La Constitution

JOSH BILLINGS, or somebody else said: "We learn something most every day." So we do. Only the other day we learned that a provision of the Constitution of Missouri, prohibiting the officials of one railroad from becoming officials of a parallel or competing line, is not a dead letter. Strangest of all, the discovery was made by a distinguished, but reformed corporation lawyer, Mr. Fred W. Lehmann, and was the result of the controversy between Mr.

Gould and Mr. Ramsey over control of the Wabash Railway. For three decades those philanthropic corporation lawyers who chaperoned the various Missouri Legislatures, and ran Democratic and Republican State Conventions as a side issue, had convinced all, save a few doubters, that this provision of the constitution was meaningless, and neither a thing of beauty nor a joy forever. Under their wise guidance and legal pleadings, consolidated competing lines, were merely branches of the same system. As long as they were not consolidated, the Constitution was not violated. After consolidation, the Constitution could not be violated, because the lines were part of the same system. Only a few were bold enough to challenge the logic of such wisdom. Few cared to listen to them, for it was only lately that Missouri lawmakers and officials began to doubt that they would go to corporation lawyers when they die. Now there is war between the gods, so to speak, and the people must choose whom they will serve. Having devoured all the small fish, the corporations are seeking to devour each other. The bonds that held the Holy Brotherhood of Public Plunder together have been sundered. The house is divided against itself. And in the midst of the tumult, one can discern the voice of one great corporation lawyer crying out against another: "The Constitution still lives." What were the Democratic corporation-baiters doing all these years that they didn't discover the statute that Fighting Joe Ramsey has seized as a weapon to fight George Gould. And why didn't "Fighting Joe" kick against the Missouri Pacific owning and voting Wabash stock so long as it voted that stock for himself? Mr. Ramsey hurt his case by "squealing on himself," by invoking for his protection a principle of law by violation of which he had long profited knowingly. Judge Daniel G. Taylor's admirable opinion shows up the Gould lawlessness, and points the way for the State to break the Gould grip on Missouri's traffic.

♦♦

ABOUT all that remains for Gov. Folk to do in order to make Sunday in St. Louis thoroughly enjoyable—to the Devil—is to close the Sunday theaters. There's an incipient agitation stirring to that end.

♦♦

#### *Hope for Pure Booze!*

THE other day government officials seized several large consignments of whiskey in this city because it was below the proof standard. This brain-destroying stuff was the output of local distillers, or the property of wholesale houses. As similar seizures are being made in other parts of the country, and the revenue department has issued an ultimatum against the sale under druggists' licenses of patent medicines, the principle ingredient of which is cheap whiskey, it is to be inferred that something of a reform is about to follow. Evidently, this will not be in the nature of a temperance crusade, such as the Prohibitionist would commend, but if pushed with vigor it will doubtless do much more good. As an arbitrator between those who seek prohibition—the impossible—and the greedy adulterators or "blenders," who look only to their own profit, caring nothing for consequences to their fellowman, the government can do much. Months ago, government experts, after a long and thorough investigation, declared in their official capacity, that fully 90 per cent of the whiskey sold by dramshops in the United States was adulterated with drugs highly injurious to public health. Such well known poisonous drugs as wood alcohol and logwood, it appears from the testimony of the experts, are used freely by dishonest rectifiers and wholesale dealers who doctor their whiskey af-

ter they receive it from the large distilleries. There is a temperance lecture in this that sensible temperance advocates would do well to heed. It could be made to do excellent service in that cause, if disentangled from a prohibition move. The government has been a silent partner in this crime against humanity for many years, and only recently has it stretched forth its long and strong arm to strike down one of the most pernicious abuses of modern times. The remedy is not prohibition, for, as already stated, that is impossible, but in the swift and certain punishment of those who place poisonous whiskey on the market. It is said that distilled spirits to-day are just as pure when distilled as they were before "cutting" was thought of, or big syndicates controlled the output. Whether this is true or not, the government has the power to make and enforce such regulations as will furnish the millions who do drink, and will continue to drink spirituous liquors, something that is free from poisonous drugs, and thus immeasurably diminish the greatest evil that curses this country.

♦♦

IF the President, on his Southern trip, should catch yellow fever! Well, he'll simply put old Saffron John out of business. That chrome-colored gentleman had better not let the President catch him.

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#### *Carpet Baggers.*

EX-COAL OIL INSPECTOR BRONAUGH gets a \$75-a-month job in the Street Department. The city jobs are being filled with rubes from the country, backed by Senators and Representatives who stood by the gambling syndicate against the repeal of the breeders law. Native St. Louisans have no show for city places against pets of country politicians. The rural communities unload upon us their political job hunters, just as they do their paupers and insane. But why not? The local Democracy is bossed by carpet-baggers from Kentucky and Tennessee.

♦♦

PERHAPS if St. Louis were as proud of everything good it has, as it is of Grace Van Studdiford, and supported it as cordially and loyally and justifiably as it does her, there'd be no question of a million population.

♦♦

#### *The Music at Joplin.*

As between Col. Bill Phelps, boss lobbyist, and Gib Barbee of Joplin, we are on the side of the angels, and that doesn't mean Fire Alarm Flanagan, either. Col. Bill Phelps has recently been re-married and the probabilities are that this will reform him, so far as it is possible for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots. Col. Bill is on the fence, he says, in the fight between Gib and Fire Alarm. There's no hope for Gib Barbee. He is what he is, and he looks it and he can't help it. When a man is content to be what he is, and when a man is what Gib Barbee is and looks, why there's no ground for argument with or against such self-sufficient complacency. Gib Barbee is the intellectual gent who defeated Macenas E. Benton for Congress in the Joplin district. Another Erostratus who fired the Ephesian dome! As for John H. Flanagan, he's only a lobbyist out of a job. When we let our great mind dwell upon Joplin and Carthage, we do so only after a careful pursuit of the Socratic method of exclusion, at the conclusion of which it poises in balmily and felicitously serene contemplation of the pinnacle virtues incarnated in Judge Howard Gray, Col. John W. Haliburton, Col. Tom Connor and Monsignor Con Roach. They are the goods and entitled to the goodies. They are the Carthaginian and Joplinian big cinch who monopolize the civic virtues. We ob-

serve that they hold aloof from the fray. So shall we. We would not rush in where they fear to tread. But there is nothing to prevent us listening with ravished ears to the sounds from the rapture of the fight which rise in the exalting Ozark air as a most melodious *charivari* to Col. Phelps and his bride. There is but one thing that would make us lose faith in the perfectability of Col. Bill Phelps in good works and that is that he should "retire from politics" and practice "corporation law." The politician who retires from politics to go into corporation law simply gets deeper into politics of the worse sort. He becomes a lobbyist politician under cover. We have always liked Col. Bill Phelps because he never called lobbying "corporation law."

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WE agree most copiously with *The Easton-Franklin Avenue Booster* that the proper man for President of the Million Club is Mr. J. Brooks Johnson. If there's any one man here who can take this old town in hand and get out of it all, all there is, in it, that man is Mr. J. Brooks Johnson. We are glad to note that Mr. Johnson has an organ to make known his light hitherto only too well hidden. *The Easton-Franklin Avenue Booster* is a paper with a high mission, and its editor, Mr. Hugh A. Wetmore is the great man raised up by occasion to point out to us a still greater.

♦♦

#### *Folk Imperator et Rex.*

THE Sunday law agitation goes marching on. Governor Folk does not seem disposed to let it rest. Evidently, he is far from satisfied with present conditions. He told the little Democratic gathering at Pertle Springs that it might become necessary to enact a law providing for the appointment of a State Excise Commissioner. While he did not go into details, it is probable that he has in view a law similar to a New York statute relating to this subject. It provides for the appointment of a State Excise Commissioner and deputies in every locality where a license to deal in intoxicants of any kind is issued. This places the entire liquor traffic of the State under control of the chief executive. Governor Folk has had enough experience in trying to enforce the Sunday law to convince him that he ought to have the same control over the licensing of the sale of intoxicants in the State that he has here in St. Louis. And what is the cause of this move on the part of the Governor to deny Counties and Municipalities control over dramshops? The answer is easy. St. Louis County is the cause of it all. Ever since Governor Folk was inaugurated, lawlessness, of certain kinds, reigned in that county, and also, long before he was inaugurated. A gang of skin gamblers were given full sway. Gambling thieves, con men, and even hold-up men, laughed at the law. Justice was paralyzed. J. C. Kiskaddon, an honest Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, tried to do his duty, but was so hampered that he resigned in disgust. The race track gamblers insulted him, and made sport of his efforts to enforce the law. Conditions in the county became a stench throughout the entire State. Then it was that Governor Folk taught the gamblers and thieves and their official allies that he was not a man to be laughed at. He sent the police to raid and close the law-defying race tracks, and followed this up by sending the police out into the County to close up the Sunday saloons. Two members, a majority of the County Court of St. Louis County, are saloon-keepers and they have control of the dramshop licenses of the County. A corrupt, law-defying ring has ruled St. Louis County for years. It was organized and maintained by the sure-thing



race track gambling syndicate, which also held political sway in St. Louis, through the favor of the late President of the Police Board, President of the Jefferson Club, and Democratic boss, until Governor Folk put it, and its creature and protector, out of business. Now because officials have so disgraced St. Louis County that public sentiment says it does not deserve any kind of rule but the strictest police rule, directed by outsiders, does Governor Folk propose to punish the rest of the State for the sins of one County. There is no complaint from other localities about the unwillingness of local officials to enforce the law. It is not so long ago that the Governor himself said the Sunday law was enforced in every locality in the State, save St. Louis County. Then why not give St. Louis County an Excise Commissioner and let well enough alone in other parts of the State? To give the Governor absolute control over every person holding a license of any kind to sell intoxicants is placing a great deal of power in the hands of one man. It is the worst attack upon home rule that has been suggested in Missouri since the Civil War. The chances are, however, that if Governor Folk urges it, the next Legislature, no matter whether it is Democratic or Republican, will enact such a law as he requests. St. Louis County has furnished the State ample evidence of lawlessness to prove a legislative incentive for any kind of a restrictive statute the Governor may suggest, and there is no room for doubt that he proposes to make home rule, in St. Louis County, at least, but a reminiscence of the past. Seemingly, Governor Folk has no intention of permitting the Sunday law agitation to follow the natural trend of such moves. It is his purpose to keep it alive. The brewers tried their best to beat him for Governor and he owes them nothing. The saloon element, generally, is opposed to him, and he knows it. Sunday law enforcement gives him an excellent excuse for side-tracking his ante-election home rule promises, and putting the screws down harder than ever in quite an opposite direction. Three-fourths, yes, fully four-fifths, of the newspapers of the State, regardless of politics, are with him. The pulpit is with him, and two-thirds of the farmers are with him. The smartest politicians in the State are afraid of him. Senator Stone, the ablest and shrewdest of them all, cannot be induced to attack the Governor. Behold Col. Ed. Butler here in St. Louis, blowing his horn long and loud for Folk. Behold Senator Tom Kinney consulting with Folk about appointments—and getting what he wants. There is no mistaking the absolute power of Governor Folk in this State, or that he owes it all to the reaction against the gambling graft that was reaching out, under a late gallant leader of St. Louis, to control and corrupt the commonwealth. He has taught the best of the crowd of manipulators and convention fixers a lesson. If he wants a State Excise Commissioner, he will have one. And if he wants the old beer tax (double the present tax) restored, the Legislature will restore it. Logic is not at so great a premium now as it was when Governor Dockery engineered a bill through the Legislature, cutting the State beer tax in half, thus making the brewers a present of something like \$1,200,000 during his official term.

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DR. HART accused of murder with unmentionable trimmings appears to have stepped out of Krafft-Ebing's "Psychopathia Sexualis" and then to have developed his perverted idiosyncrasies with morphine and chloral. But what helped more than aught else to the Chicago denouement was the money he had at

command without the necessity of earning it. This polluter of childhood appears to have been a St. Louis product, which would demonstrate that in spite of jibes at our slowness here, we can produce some very highly developed specimens of the worst forms of *maladie du siècle*.

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THE New York *Sun's* readers are having a symposium on "the sex of angels." It is very interesting to New York, where everybody is looking for "an angel," otherwise "a sucker."

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*Frisco's Union Labor Mayor.*

SAN FRANCISCO is in revolt against its Union Labor Mayor, one Eugene Schmitz, a musician, like our own Owen Miller perhaps, but a politician of the most practical persuasion. The uprising against him is based on all sorts of charges of graft and corruption, very much exploited by the local interests, franchise holders and such, but unfortunately, equally exploited by such a staunch Single Taxer and philosopher as Mr. James H. Barry, of the *San Francisco Star*. Notwithstanding all this, Schmitz is so strong that the Democrats and Republicans have had to combine and nominate a mixed ticket to beat him—if possible. Schmitz seems to be dangerous, even with the old parties united against him, and the town is almost incandescent with opposition. Schmitz has followers in both the old parties who will not go with the ultra-respectables united against him. He has an able manager in one Abe Ruef, who is accused of everything under the sun except lack of intelligence. The liberal elements, saloon men, sports, etc., are all for the fiddler. Schmitz is a wide-open Mayor, who has stuck to his friends, many of whom have abused his trust, but in the main he is convicted only of having given the city strictly political administration. The nominee against him is an eloquent Professor John S. Partridge. Registration is 16,000 more than in the Presidential election and 18,000 more than when Schmitz was elected two years ago. In that election, Schmitz received 26,016 votes; to win this time he will need to have all he had then and 14,000 more. Crocker and Lane together had 32,199—6,183 more than Schmitz. For Mr. Partridge to win this time he will need to hold this vote and add to it 8,000 or 9,000 more—about forty per cent. of the increased registration. It was at first believed that the increased registration came mostly from among opponents of Schmitz, but latterly it seems that the working men have been crowding in at evening and that the increase may be helping the fiddler rather than the silk-stock candidate. Schmitz is putting up a

good fight and making the most of the fact that he is being fought by "the interests." He may win, but the combination against him is a strong one. It is unfortunate for Union Labor that Schmitz is not a better man, but weak as he appears to be he has made a bold move in proclaiming that he wasn't invited to a banquet to Secretary Taft for fear he might arise and protest against the pro-Chinese sentiments there expressed. Dennis Kearney's sand lot sentiment is still strong in Frisco and it may re-elect Schmitz, but the other fellows have the money.

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*Chase Out The Thieves.*

SPEAKING of insurance; since, seemingly, it can't be run straight as private enterprise, there is no reason why the States and even the Nation shouldn't take it up. The government would only have to expand and modify its pension system. There would be government graft, you say? Granted. But was there ever, anywhere such political graft and plunder as that of the insurance high-financiers? The capitalist crooks are making a case against themselves in every business they control. No wonder they shriek against governmental interference with business. They don't want themselves discovered. They don't want the people to find out what an out-and-out flim-flam is the farming of the public. They have blocked equality of opportunity every where they can. They have put a premium upon dishonesty. They have made "the career open to the man of talent" merely the field for the confidence man or the elaborator of theft. If the high-financiers are not to be supervised in their operations they will steal the stars out of the flag. Every business, in the last analysis, is the people's business, and the people should, at least, have a hand, through government, in those businesses which are operated under privileges given by the people. This idea that the people should have nothing to say about the big businesses which fleece them and deceive them and do so chiefly by *corrupting the people's representatives*, is a childish absurdity. We can no longer trust the eminent financiers on the strength of their protestations of virtue. We must have "a look in" on the businesses that are looted for millions in salaries and syndicate speculations, by cliques and families. It's our money they're stealing. Government must step in to protect us from the fellows whose assumed honesty has been the bulwark against government invasion. "Keep the government out of business" has been an effective cry. Who raised it? The FcCalls, Alexanders, McCurdys, Harrimans, Schwabs—the thieves.

## How They Pertled at the Springs

By Callaway Dade

UNDER the powerful magnifying glass of the St. Louis *Republic*, the recent Democratic love feast at Pertle Springs was a political event of much magnitude. Other, and better authorities, say it was a fizzle. The *Republic* says that out of sixty who had promised to be there, "a large majority were present." Exactly twenty-seven were present in person. Perhaps the remainder were present in spirit, and thus made up the "large majority of sixty" vouched for by the *Republic*. State Senator Thos. E. Kinney of this city was there in spirit, because he said so in a letter of regrets to the High Priest of the Love Feast, Mr. Wallace Crossly of Warrensburg. The one politician of the State who "gets results," even while Grand Juries and deputy sheriffs and Circuit Attorneys are watching,

was here in St. Louis, while Senator Cockrell was stroking his Apostolic beard at Warrensburg and explaining to the "large majority of sixty" that "absolute free trade is a mystic shrine." Mr. Kinney voted for Charlie Lemp for Senator in the Senate caucus. But hold! Inspector-General Emmett Newton of Gov. Folk's staff was there, panoplied in all the glory of having eclipsed the Portland Exposition as a show. Comparing Gen. Newton's greatness with the smallness of attendance—using the *Republic's* magnifying glass and discarding the common rules of arithmetic—there are some who will readily conclude that the meeting will go thundering down the ages like the speech of Patrick Henry. Conservative judges, however, will say that if Inspector-General Newton had not been present, the Pertle

Springs meeting would have proved a poor counter attraction to the Veiled Prophet's parade, and ball—to the latter of which Gov. Folk was not invited—in St. Louis the same night.

Gov. Folk and Senator Stone were among the late arrivals. They were met at the station by a committee of citizens, and several hack drivers. Both pronounced the luncheon served by Senator Cockrell's daughter and daughter-in-law to be excellent. After partaking sparingly of the same—being constrained to abstinence by the compression of their chain mail undershirts, worn as precaution against prospective, respective, knives, both felt like cleansing their stuffed bosoms of the perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart, in ringing speeches, and repaired to Pertle Springs, some two miles distant from Warrensburg, there to pertain to the faithful and the few though fit. Gov. Folk had never been there before. He drank deep draughts of the water which is so good for a man of his kidney. This so freshened him that he hammered hortatorially the law-breaking saloon keepers of the State over the little portico of the only hotel in the place, until they looked worse than Britt after Nelson got through with him. The Governor then said that it might be necessary to enact a law—not in the interest of home rule—making provision for the appointment of a State Excise Commissioner, to the end that law-defying dramshop keepers may be brought to a realization of their sins, or something to this effect. This would add to the State machine possibly five hundred deputies or inspectors, as heelers. It would be an invincible "machine" measure. After taking several hard falls out of the boodlers, and grafters, though he manhandled them much as one would a stuffed scarecrow, incapable of resistance, he made way for Senator Stone.

The latter didn't feel right. Several troublesome corns were defying the eight-hour labor law. The spring water left a bad taste in his mouth. And, besides, he'd rather be at home, watching the infantile antics of his new grand-daughter, concerning whom he would rather have talked than of anything else in the world. Notwithstanding his relish of the grand paternal honors recently thrust upon him, things didn't look as they did ten years before, when five thousand howling Democrats assembled at the same place to watch and cheer the Senator, Champ Clark, De Armond, Cochran, Dockery, Sam Cook, Senator Cockrell, Shackleford and many other notable Democratic warriors, while they eliminated David R. Francis, Charlie Maffitt and John Scullin from State politics, and lambasted the living lights of the Octopus and the golden Money Devil. The Senator denounced as infamous the charges of the Republican press that "the present gathering was for sinister purposes." The Senator really had been more entertaining had he made a talk about that grand-daughter. Gov. Dockery had a good many things to say about "Imperial Missouri," that everybody had heard until he could repeat the same backwards. "Aleck" is a Titanic twaddler, and he surpassed himself. Indeed, at pertain there is no pertainer can pertain with him. He is as unsurpassable in that as in pie-eating with a knife, or, as Jim Cronin would say, with a "chiv." Champ Clark also exercised his vocabulary of platitudinities with a dialect twang. He had been studying arithmetic coming up on the train from St. Louis, and had figured out that Missouri is a solidly Democratic State. He demonstrated this by taking the official returns of the late election and adding 50,000 to the Democratic minority. He picked his 50,000 out of the viewless air, just as Hermann plucks dollars from the empty atmosphere—so ee-asy. This performance so pleased a Professor of Mathematics of the Warrensburg State Normal that no one would be surprised if he recommended Mr. Clark for circulation swearer of some daily newspaper in St. Louis or Chicago. Clark is the twentieth century Babbage. When he starts in to count everybody else goes down and out and over the ropes and has to take the count.

Senator Cockrell made quite a lengthy pedestrian talk—his greatest failing, many think. But it was not the Senator Cockrell whom Missouri Democrats had cheered for thirty years, but Interstate Commerce Commissioner Cockrell, who talked in such kindly strain of national affairs. The Senator once was in the habit of ripping the National Republican administrations up the back in a way that made the woods ring with the old rebel yell. But Interstate Commerce Commissioner Cockrell has lately fed on other food. He had nothing unpleasant to say of the present administration, which provided him with a good job when the "frost was on the pumpkin vine," following a Republican victory in this State. Senator Cockrell is a kindly old man, and he is a good man, who looks not unlike a benevolent old Mormon elder, but he will never again lead the Democratic hosts in Missouri. The scepter, flag of truce, or whatever the party emblem henceforth may be, will be held aloft by other hands. Warrensburg has been his home during all the long years of his eventful life. When he entered the United States Senate, more than thirty years ago, he owned a modest little home in Warrensburg and a good farm consisting of 160 acres, not far from the town. The farm was long ago swallowed up in political expenses, but the home he still has. It is all of his worldly belongings, after thirty consecutive years of active service in the United States Senate. Well, Cockrell is honest—that explains it all. No doubt this is the reason President Roosevelt tendered him his present position. The President being an honest man himself, and also being well informed as to the ease with which United States Senators can acquire vast fortunes in a very short time, was not unmindful of the merit attached to a man like Senator Cockrell. And, then, Cockrell had distributed more garden seed to honest farmers than any man in the world, and his appointment warmed the farmer heart.

Pertle Springs would be an ideal spot for a Sunday school convention, or temperance lecture by Father Coffey or Dr. Palmore, but it is no place for even a very small Democratic gathering. It is two miles from the Springs to the nearest saloon. This was established 10 years ago, when 5,000 Democrats gathered at the Springs, thirsting about equally for plutocratic blood and the "budge" of the plain people. In vain did the proprietor of the hotel point out the assuaging property of the spring water. He was told that the water was not without value when used as a "chaser," at McFadden's or Sullivan's emporiums up in Warrensburg, but as a Democratic tonic it was a delusion. There would have been a riot at that meeting had not some far-seeing statesman telephoned to Warrensburg for a wagon load of refreshments. It is said that the late meeting was held at Pertle Springs out of deference to Governor Folk. It was reasoned that the spring water would tone up his liver for a red hot Sunday lid speech, and possibly, also induce Senator Stone to commend the same. It worked all right on the Governor, but the promoters of the springs observed with pain that all the other Democrats cast longing glances towards Warrensburg all the time the Governor was turning the saloon-keepers round and round on the executive spit. When the meeting broke up, it was generally agreed that the Democratic party was too sick to be cured by Pertle Springs water, and that not all the waters of the rough rude sea can wash the party back into power, so long as personal liberty is crushed under the lid like the unfortunates committed to the embraces of the Iron Virgin of Nuremberg in the days of moral monster monarchs.

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#### One Economy

OLD JONES must be very rich. Three of his daughters have had the operation for appendicitis.

"Oh, I don't know! It doesn't require any clothes." *N. Y. Life.*

## Kindly Caricatures

[21] William Flewellyn Saunders

WHAT shape is this affrights us thus? It is Caricaturist Bloch's distorted conception of Mr. William Flewellyn Saunders, Secretary of the Business Men's League. Mr. Saunders would appear to have just smoked a bad cigarette, or else to have been suddenly seized of the colic, or else to be trying to look straight into the noonday sun. Mr. Saunders ought not to be treated this way, as he is our most useful citizen, but we can't help it. He must fall back for consolation on the adage, "handsome is as handsome does." Mr. Saunders is the whole Million Club. He's the man that gets up the "sistictacs"—as they are called at banquets—which show that we're the greatest city on earth, leading in shoe trades, mule trades, hardware, drugs, reformers, woodenware, tax dodgers, paved streets, big cinches and all modern improvements. His is the dope that is a prime element in every article on St. Louis. He's the watcher on the tower. Then he goes out and tries to seduce big manufacturers to come here and set up in business. He writes fine speeches for leading business men to deliver at conventions and congresses, to which they are delegated at their own expense, showing that St. Louis is the place to come to if you want to "cop the cush." Right well and truly does he do all this, and all the time keep the League members jollied along with the idea that they're going to have monuments, and streets named after them, and—this deeply, darkly hinted—the people may call them to high office. Much good work he does, ever keeping in the background.

In action it can't be said that William Flewellyn is beautiful. He walks hastily about like a bobbing ship in a rough sea, and the big eye-glasses of him always catch the light squarely and glare like ogreish headlights. When he bumps into you he comes to, and gets down to business. But he has brought preoccupation to an art. He's always far away. That is to say, he's ahead of himself. That's why he gets there. He has great difficulty catching up with himself, and that's what makes him so nervous. But we must forgive him, for he has about seven hundred bosses, or as many as there are members of the League—and he bosses them all. They don't know it, but it's true. If it weren't, do you suppose the League would keep in office a man who smokes such cigarettes? Work? W. F. is tireless. He hasn't any idea but work. Whv, he writes his own name out in full, when signing letters—William Flewellyn Saunders. He's a nice, soft-footed chap, too. He is nervous, but he doesn't make you nervous. He comes at you with whatever business he has, and puts it at you abstractedly, as if he were looking over your head. You'd think him funereal, but he isn't. He has a fine old dry humor, and he lets it out to play with the same sort of hypnotized air that marks him when he sips a glass of wine. Most surprising man, this, in a number of ways, but mostest most in the difference between what he is and what he seems. You'd think him some weazened college professor, wise and good, but prone to fall over himself and fumble in the practical world. But that's just what he isn't. He's adroit, nimble, diplomatic and a fine conservator of form. He'll handle anybody and deliver him "all bound round with a woolen string" wherever wanted. No flies on him. He's smart, he's cool, he's careful, he's gracious and his peculiarities are such that they reveal a thoroughly genial fellow when they fall away.

He used to be a reporter. He came here from the Black Hills, I believe, where they mistook him by his externals as many do here. He got tired one day, then mad. The Black Hills shook—trembled, in fact. All the bad men fled, for he beat 'em at their own game. He was a good reporter, but





WILLIAM FLEWELLYN SAUNDERS.

*Kindly Caricatures No. 21.*

He came from the South, a preacher's son, I believe, with strong Democratic leanings. Pouf! One day he turns up as Secretary to Republican Mayor Walbridge, and there he made a hit as a politician. He won the silks and the gang. He was a great help to Walbridge in the general joshing of the town into a belief that Walbridge was a daisy Mayor—which he was. Saunders was great

at sparring off criticism of the Mayor. Then he became an Election Commissioner, where he was very successful. He was the first Republican who ever met and recognized the ability in elections of the now Hon. Tom Kinney. Mr. Saunders and Mr. Kinney met, unarmed, and they studied the carrying of elections. Mr. Saunders has never told what he learned, nor has Kinney, but, soon after, Mr.

Saunders quit his office,—probably he saw no Republican chance against Tom's science—and became Assistant Postmaster. He glided out of there just before the Baumhoff revelations came. Oh, he's a glider, all right enough. And he looks at you so innocently you're kind of sorry for him, out unprotected in the cruel world. Next he became Secretary of the Business Men's League, and as above

said, the most useful citizen of St. Louis. He has never considered himself beautiful.

But William Flewellyn Saunders, slick man, politician, "stistastician," is one of the city's most confirmed aesthetes. There's not a better judge of a painting or statue in town. He's an expert in French literature, and can write the most excellent English in a most execrable hand. Music is a hobby of his, and not "ragtime," either, but the high, exhausting, unintelligible stuff that is good because it is all-over-ish, up-in-the-air-ish down-in-the-cellar-ish. Wagner, Berlioz, Strauss, Bach, he knows, or thinks he does, and even Chaminade. And he sings, himself. Yes, indeed. You should hear him render "Benny Havens, O." accompanying himself on the banjo. Talk about "the last sigh of the Moor," Mr. Saunders sings that song in a way of mournfulness that fully accounts for all the desertions from the army. He is going to sing it some night at the Artists' Guild and then—well, the Guilders are an æsthetic set, but they have *some* human feelings! Mr. Saunders is somewhat of a theologian, too, but he dare not display his theology in his present position. It is doubtful if a person can be a real Christian and also a member of the Business Men's League. Mr. Saunders is thought to have no god, but Cyrus P. Walbridge, president of the B. M. L., but this isn't true. He has at least three others—George Blackman, Will Schuyler and Rev. W. L. Sheldon, our most fiercely intellectual, hypercultured citizens. He is the darndest combination of dreamer and practitioner that ever I came across, and the most variously efficient chap who ever wore the exterior aspect of one afflicted with a severe nostalgia for Nephelococcygia. He makes less effort in doing more work than any man in seven States, and he's curiously popular for a man who is so quaintly reserved. There isn't any man in St. Louis who is better liked in the most widely divergent "sets" or "cliques" than William Flewellyn Saunders. I doubt if his work is fully appreciated, for he doesn't insist upon himself in the way that he is entitled to. Anyhow, he's as good an all around man as he is "odd" and "queer," and of a personal force in all the city's big affairs not be to overlooked without grave injustice.

All of which is shown, I think, in Mr. Bloch's caricature of him, despite its touch of the grotesque which will appeal strongly to its subject, who has one of the first and most fanatic faddists in the days of the great poster craze when Mucha was a temporary new Messiah in the art decorative.

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## The Simple Life

By Ernest McGaffey

THE present advocates of "the simple life" seem to lose sight of the fact that this cult is not a new one. In the hue-and-cry resultant on this latest phase of a very old idea, the primitive lives of the original Americans may well be recurred-to in forming an estimate as to real simplicity. The mound-builders are so faint and far away that it will be just as well to commence with the Indians.

In the "neck of the woods" where I have my present habitat, the Sacs and Foxes at one time foregathered with their tepees, wigwams, squaws, ponies and household gods. Along the beautiful valley of the Illinois, the smoke of their camp-fires blew sparks into the night, and their medicine men worked the self-same "graft" as the medicine men of present days. In those days the Virginia deer roamed the forests and drank at the edges of the rivers, and wild-fowl flights blackened the skies in the spring and autumn. Life was simple in those years. The noble red man lounged about the wigwam, occasionally doing a little hunting and fishing,

while the faithful squaw planted the corn, did the aboriginal house-work, skinned the game, sewed the garments of the warrior, fed the papposes, cooked the victuals, and, in short, did all the work. The noble red man, meanwhile, Blue Dog or Beavertail, as the case might be, contented himself with smoking the pipe of peace, or intermittently going out and looking for his enemies with the design of adding their back hair to the ornaments of his lodge.

There were absolutely no automobiles, caddies, women's suffrage movements, corner lots, smart sets, self-binders, or steam-heated flats in those days. All was rude, strenuous and primitive. The burning issues were "grub" and war. Something to eat, and somebody to fight.

The squaws led a happy life, working industriously from morning until night. They were not troubled with the desire either to take on or take off flesh, and there was no "beauty hints column" in the legendary scrawlings of the tribal historian's efforts on the skins of animals or the bark of trees. They wore their hair *au naturel*, with possibly a feather or two stuck in it, and a liberal admixture of grease where they used it for a towel. They were a reserved, taciturn class of females, except when prodding captives with burning sticks or otherwise engaged in the sport of torturing enemies.

Outside of this they had comparatively few recreations. But they were admirably adapted to the wear and tear of that epoch. I have had the pleasure of digging up some of their utensils since residing here, and can bear witness to the lack of ornamentation manifest in their pottery, and the practical trend of their notions in what they used in preparing and cooking food. Their bowls were of clay, burned red or black, rough but serviceable, and able to stand heat without breaking. No Wedgwood pottery this, no ware of Brittany nor curiously inlaid dishes of Nippon, but rude ware of the forest, tough and lasting.

Their little mills to grind corn were models of directness. A stone was hollowed out to receive the grain, and another stone rounded to fit the opening. You set the corn in the opening, pestled it to a meal with the upper stone, and, presto, the thing was accomplished. It took some time to grind out enough for even one repast, but then time, at that time, was not a luxury. You never heard of "Chase-the-Bear," "Little Bird" or "Flower-of-the-Prairie" going to the springs to ward off nervous prostration during that period of the nation's existence. Not at all. People took things easier then.

Frenzied finance was represented in those days by some copper beads and a few handfuls of wampum. A warrior's wealth was handed down from tribe to tribe, through the medium of gambling and horse-races; and no one had any more than was coming to him. All the special privileges obtainable, then, were those which the individual man carved out for himself by sheer physical force or superior cunning. Come to think of it, there's not much difference as to that, even in this generation.

About the only real "grafter" in that era was the "medicine man." This party got himself up in fantastic habiliments, claimed to be on speaking terms with "the Great Spirit," warded off evil, cured sickness, humbled the tribal enemies, and exercised a sort of universal Dowie-ism over the untutored native. And the Indian—"Lo, the poor Indian of untutored mind, who sees God in the clouds and hears Him in the wind"—he stood for it, the same as many a modern disciple of charlatanry is doing.

The noble red man who occupied the position of head of the house had a pretty easy time of it, considering. We dug up one of these gentlemen who had been shelved for eternity on the top of a lofty mound that commanded a beautiful view of the river valley as far as the eye could reach. It had the advantage that when Gabriel's trump sounded, the occupant of this particular mausoleum could see

Gabriel coming for at least fifty miles, and if he didn't want to meet him could back off into the surrounding brush and let Gabriel go by.

Here I found a particularly charming evidence of the simple life. It was a stone tomahawk head, made of a blue material, and highly polished. One end of it was shaped to a hatchet edge, fitted for cutting, and the opposite end was fashioned into a hammer, suitable for pounding. It gave the noble red man, in going after his enemies, whether red or white, a two-fold advantage. He could either cut their heads off with the hatchet end, or dash their brains out with the hammer part of the weapon.

The red man, it may be noted, was always very solicitous about his implements of warfare. He took incredible pains with his arrows, tomahawks, spears, knives, bows, and all such warlike paraphernalia. With him, war was partly a business. As with us. There were also a couple of arrow-heads in this grave which were interestingly suggestive. One of them was made with elaborately carved shanks that fish-hooked away in, and back into the body of the arrowhead. The effect of this was, that when such an arrow-head was shot into a disputant, it took all day to dig it out with a corrugated flint knife. A most painful and tedious operation, one would imagine.

The other arrow-head, an amber flint of almost perfect design, was shaped into a half-spiral. The effect of such a modeled arrow-head, when inserted into the anatomy of any one of an unfriendly tribe, was to make a gaping wound by reason of the force of impact of the half-spiral from a stiff bow-string. This would let out more blood in a given space of time, and caused a far uglier wound. It was an enormously simple application of principles, and gorily effective.

The bones and skulls we found were tucked back quietly in the mound, and what may be politely called our archaeological excavations were at an end. In the current day of fashionable extravagancies in dress and household expenditure it is a commendable proposition to mouse around in one of these early sepulchres for a few hours. There are lots of timely hints to be found.

Indians are usually, in these parts, buried in their bones, with an occasional dab of red paint. One warrior was rather elaborately attired in a plate of copper around his neck. But he was an exception. A great deal of nonsense is extant about the religion, art and oratory of the native American Indian. The bulk of this is pure buncombe. The Indian led a simple, untrammelled life, with few wants, and a decidedly narrow intellectual horizon. He wanted enough to eat, some tobacco, and, when he could get it, "fire-water" to drink.

He loved to sing the war-song, to apply the torch to the village of his foe, and to despoil his enemy of his horses, cattle, household goods, chattels, stocks, bonds and hereditaments. As a scalp-getter he was more or less of a success. The nearer you get to him the more the romance rubs off, but the closer you approach him the more you are convinced that he was the individual who led the simple life. After his physical wants were attended to his fancy lightly turned to murder, arson, and robbery, and in these simple joys only, he took the greatest delight.

Then the white man came along, who could give him cards and spades in any game and beat him with the greatest ease. He was "a good thing," and we "pushed him along."

But the most salient part of his life was that principle of simplicity which has ever obtained in all life, whether civilized or uncivilized, and which is eminently the spirit of today,

*"The good old rule*

*That simple plan,*

*That they shall take who have the power,  
And they shall keep who can."*



## The Green Fly

By Robert Scheffer

It is done now, and the future will show whether I was wrong to marry again. But my solitude had really become intolerable, and my health demanded that I take into my life a companion whose presence and caresses will, I hope, drive away my nightmares. While there are fine solitudes that are made beautiful by dreams and mystery, mine, on the contrary, is peopled with terrible visions. I am persecuted by invisible beings that sometimes manifest themselves to my eyes under the strangest and most cruel forms. There was fault on my side, I know, and by committing the crime I raised against myself the powers of hell. But it has lasted too long, and the soothing influence of Claire, my new wife, should disarm the other, the first one, who pursues me incessantly, in darkness and in light, seeking to avenge herself.

I gaze upon Claire as she sleeps. She does not suspect that my anguish is soothed by the sight of her peaceful slumber, and that she is the charming fairy who will drive away the ill-omened crew of phantoms that float along the tapestried walls in the ancient and sombre nuptial chamber and swarm down on me from above the vaulted windows, twining in and out among the velvet shadows of the heavy curtains. She is pretty and frail under the cambric cover that, chastely slipping from her shoulders, reveals the rounded contour of her bosom; nestling among the laces of the pillow, her golden hair flowing over her face and her eyes closed, she smiles in her sleep.

For a long time I gazed at her. The purity of her dreams has crept into my accursed soul and softly shines there. But—I know not what terror has suddenly contracted my heart! It seemed to me that, under my persistent gaze, her features changed, modeling themselves on those of the other, of Madeleine, who is dead. Her expression altered simultaneously, her breathing became labored, she moved, sighed, her eyelids fluttered and, when she awoke, I read terror in her eyes as I leaned over her to reassure her. Just such awakenings had I secretly observed before in Madeleine in the old days.

"Is it day yet?" she asked. "You are already up? I've had a horrid dream—I do not know quite what—"

I took her in my arms and caressed her, and presently she fell asleep again like a child, with one arm lying above her head.

But I was not mistaken, and I wonder that I had not noticed it earlier, that she recalls Madeleine, though I cannot say precisely in what features, for her heavy hair was black with steely blue lights in it.

Madeleine—my thoughts are completely filled with her and with that night when I thought the sinister past was buried. I certainly had the right to kill her inasmuch as she had betrayed me, and so it is not remorse for the act itself that pursues me, but for the manner in which I took my revenge.

From a long line of ancestors I inherited a crafty and vindictive nature. Frankness has no place in my mental processes, though I decide unerringly on the end to be attained. Dissimulation is to me a habitual garment, and I have no need to lie, so completely have I accustomed myself not to uncover the truth that I wish to stifle or the suspicion that should not be aroused. My forte lies in knowing what not to say. And so when I suspected Madeleine of being unfaithful to me I took pains not to betray my jealousy to her. On the contrary, I acted frankly and cordially toward her and afforded her easy opportunities to sin, in such wise that I had abundant liberty to assure myself that my suspicions were well founded.

And then, though my blood fairly boiled, I did

not break out, I did not have recourse to the dagger or the foolish bullet. More than ever I schooled my face and my manner, and from what I know she suspected nothing. I fairly exhaled confidence, and Madeleine felt herself perfectly safe. However, she complained of vague ills, and her health, which until then had been superb began to fail. She could not tell precisely what ailed her; as for me, I reassured her and lavished the tenderest care on her. As she drooped from day to day (I gave the poison in very minute doses) she was soon unable to leave her room, and then even her bed. If I had killed her brutally I would have deprived myself of the pleasure of watching the secret anguish that consumed her, and therein lies the superiority of a patient over a swift vengeance. For in her isolation, of which I was the jailer, Madeleine received no message from her lover, nor could she have him brought to her. I read in her eyes her mute and incessant despair; I understood her mental torture, far worse than her physical suffering, and, lavishing hypocritical cares upon her, I reveled in her hatred toward me that she dared not express.

That lasted a week, two weeks; then, at the time I had fixed, her death agony began. Madeleine became delirious, and standing at her bedside I savagely repeated after her the confessions of her delirium. A little while before she died she had a lucid interval. I took her in my arms as if to give her a final kiss, and whispered, "It is I who have killed you," and clearly emphasizing it with all my anger, all my accumulated scorn, I hissed an epithet in her ear. Her eyes grew wide, a terrible light flamed up in them. She made a threatening gesture, mumbled a few incomprehensible syllables; then a spasm seized her, and her head fell back motionless in the funereal waves of her black hair.

Since she was dead, I wept, and the people who were present pitied my great sorrow. I watched beside her through two nights, recalling in the presence of her remains the tender joys of former days and the bitter ecstasies of the past fortnight; and I know not what strange fear, against which I could not defend myself, crept over me as I gazed upon my victim, who seemed to live once more in the flickering light of the tapers. Dawn was whitening the heavens; the windows were filled with its pallid light; the strangeness of the hour augmented my anxiety; worn out with fatigue, I was almost fainting, and wished fervently that the funeral ceremonies might be quickly ended.

Suddenly in the silence sounded the droning of a rapid, whirling flight; something vibrated near me, lighting up the shadows with a fitful glitter. All at once a hideous fly alighted on the lips of the dead. Its green corselet glistened under its diaphanous wings; from its head, of a metallic green, darted a tongue, and tranquilly it absorbed the ichor of the dead body.

The spectacle filled me with disgust. I raised my hand. The fly rose in slow flight, disappeared behind the curtains, and I heard its buzzing fade away into the distance, then grow nearer again. Suddenly it struck me on the mouth, it clung there! The sensation was revolting! It seemed to me that I had been sullied by this contact with the dead, by an unclean kiss. I uttered a cry; everything swam before my eyes, and I fainted. No one has ever known that, at the instant when I sank into the black abyss, I understood that the soul of the dead had taken possession of my flesh.

Since then, and often, I have seen Madeleine's face, intangible and implacable; I have felt the weight of her arms pressing on my throat as if to strangle me; the cold wind of her breath has frozen my face; and time and again the green fly has come back, imprisoning me in the circle of its glittering flight, lightly touching my hair, my eyelids and violating my mouth, in which it surely and promptly alights. Many times have I tried to crush it. It easily

evaded me and in triumph made me dizzy with its rapid flight and its droning. Its presence has become a torment to me. In spite of lights the horrible nights have inflicted it on me, and when dawn came, sleep fleeing my eyes, it has been still worse.

But the round of evil phantoms was swept away under the sovereign influence of a young and innocent creature, and already, like the incense that spreads through a chapel, Claire's breath has purified the atmosphere, in which peace reigns once more.

Look—behind the raised curtains it is not the pallid dawn, it is the sunrise that is already reddening the windows, and soon the first golden arrows of the sun will implant in me the joy of living and of loving Claire, whose morning kiss announces to me my resurrection.

But what is this? An emerald spark has plowed through the space where the light is diffused, a familiar buzzing assails my ears, and—ah, I have crushed it on my lips—the fly, the horrible green fly!

A month has passed. My prediction was right. I have regained my former serenity, and from this time forth it is unalterable, for a barrier of ingenuousness has been raised between me and the terrible beyond, a barrier impassable by adverse powers. Claire is a delightful companion, whose grace will make my dark years beautiful; she is a child who will make me young again, and there is no care that does not give way before the gentle pressure of her cool hand on my forehead. Springtime lives in her limpid eyes. From her emanates a revivifying perfume, and to make me bend to her light caprices she talks like the little girl she is, and does with me whatever she will.

Still, one thing in her troubles me. She speaks too often of Madeleine. She imagines that I love that first wife passionately, that I will always prefer her. She questions me about her tastes, her manners, her toilets. She wishes to resemble her, in order to combine in her own person both the present and the past, so that she alone shall be mistress of all my thoughts. And sometimes her face seems to me—under what breath?—to tremble like a wave under the breeze, the golden glory of her hair is dimmed, her expression is changed, her face—yes, it is true!—her face is altered and her eyes regard me with what threatening irony! "Madeleine, Madeleine!" I cry, and then, delighted, she kisses me and says:

"Oh, you naughty man, not to be satisfied with your little Claire and wanting her to lead your beloved to you by the hand! I am doing my best; every day I am making progress."

But her caresses calm me; the interposed image is effaced, and, pressing her to me, I murmur:

"No, you are Claire, my darling, my golden-haired fairy, and it is you alone that I love."

But she shakes her head mutinously and replies: "That is not true."

My peace was of short duration, and evil powers make sport of my most subtle calculations.

This morning Claire entered my workroom, as was her custom. Scarcely was she on the threshold, where she paused an instant in smiling hesitation, when her fair presence seemed to diffuse a brightness throughout the great, gloomy room, in which the light coming through the Gothic windows threw strange shadows on the floor. Like a sylph suddenly stopped in her flight, she waited until I should call her before springing toward me. That morning I had a sudden feeling, from the very moment that she stopped at the threshold, that it was not she, but *the other*, who was entering the room. A violet shadow tarnished the gold of her hair; her movements were constrained; her face was changed, and she wore an old gown of Madeleine's that she had made over. She held herself erect before me, her hands joined on her breast, in the stiff attitude of a portrait.

"We have left Claire in the dressing-room," she

said, "and it is Madeleine who has come to pay you a visit."

Even the quality of her voice was changed.

The fancy displeased me. I contracted my brows and was preparing a reprimand, when all at once my sight became blurred.

"Oh!" I cried. "Drive it away, destroy it; I cannot bear to look at it!"

On her corsage crawled the fly, the green fly, glittering and malevolent.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Claire, making a little face. "What am I to drive away?"

Her cautious fingers glided over the soft silk, on which the fly still remained.

"The fly, the devilish green fly!" I cried, not daring to approach her.

She burst out in merry laughter. "Were you taken in by that? It is only a brooch, and a beautiful piece of workmanship. See," and she detached the jewel, which was composed of emeralds and diamonds in exact reproduction of a fly with diaphanous wings, and held it before my eyes.

Instinctively I drew back, and by I know not what chance the point of the pin scratched my lip, on which a drop of blood welled up at once. The contact made me shudder; the old horror had laid hold of me again, and with a violent movement I flung the jewel to the floor.

"Oh, have I hurt you?" cried Claire. "How awkward I am! Forgive me!" And kneeling before me she patted the scratch with her handkerchief. I felt that I was ridiculous, but I could not master my emotion.

"It is nothing," I managed to say at last. "But—I do not recognize this jewel. Where did you get it?"

"You do not recognize it?" She smiled with an air of mystery. "Why, I thought I would please you by putting it on. It was shut up in a little case which had evidently been overlooked in the drawer of a secretary that belonged to Madeleine."

"Ah," was all I said, but a horrible pain seized me. I was certain that I had never seen that brooch on Madeleine's neck. I knew that it must have come to her from her lover and that she had not dared to wear it in my presence.

I picked up the green fly, which lay where it had fallen on the floor, stepped quickly to the open window, and threw it far out.

"Ah, that is better," I said, greatly relieved.

Claire, astonished, said not a word.

That insignificant scratch has festered. I know not what germ of corruption was introduced into my blood through the infected point of the pin. At first I let the thing go; a small abscess formed, but I paid little attention to it. Then I was taken with the violent shivers of a fever.

The doctor who was called in looked very grave.

More and more violent shiverings. I am thirsty. My teeth chatter with unreasoning terror. I think that I am often delirious. In the next chamber I have heard—for my hearing has become singularly acute—these words murmured: "Purulent infection."

I know that I am going to die. Just now Madeleine appeared at the side of my bed. Her lips were set in a horrid grin of triumph. "In order that my vengeance shall be as great as yours," she murmured, "you had to die by the innocent hand of Claire." I dragged myself up in my bed to curse her. The effort was so great that I lost consciousness. When I came to myself again Claire was stroking my forehead with her cool hand and weeping.

An emerald circle revolves before my eyes, there is a droning, a continual buzzing in my ears that irritates me, terrifies me, which I recognize—Silence—Ah, there it is on the edge of the coverlet, motionless, the fetid green fly, ready to gorge itself on my blood. It is waiting its chance; it is going to throw itself on me. Drive it away! Drive away Death! Ah—

*From the October number of "Tales."*

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### Blue Jay's Chatter

My Dear Jennie Wren:

YOU see that President Roosevelt is going to break the back of the Bridge Arbitrary, and that Arthur Sager is going to smash the bucket shops and all that, but you don't see that the noses of all the big cinches in sassiety and business are out of joint because Julia Cabanne was made queen of the V. P. ball. The Cabannes haven't got any money, and so the big bugs can't understand her selection. It utterly escapes their alleged minds, Jane, that she was chosen for her beauty. I've heard that George Tansey is the V. P., and p'raps he is. Anyhow, he fled right after the ball, to French Lick, to escape the wrath of the rich fellows, and he won't come back till he re-grows those whiskers he brought back from the West. There's the awfulest row because Gov. Folk wasn't asked to the ball. That was queer—with Mrs. Nelson McLeod as one of the matrons of honor, too, and Doug. Kingsland, the handsome, beaming old buck, such a prominent figure on the ball floor. Well, Folk and Mrs. Folk are to have a night to themselves at the Horse Show—and I hear it whispered that a lot of the wives of men whose corns were stepped on by Joe in his reform work will boycott the show that night, street railway magnates,

brewers squeezed by the lid, politicians side-tracked by Joe's ambition, etc. But if Sassiety tries thus to snub Joe, won't the common people rally round him all the stronger?

Oh, yes, Julia Cabanne's queenship is stirring 'em up. How it happened nobody seems quite to know, for it is generally understood that the prospective queen's paternal parient has to put up a cool five thou' before that honor can light on his fami-lee. Hazel Garrison was the favorite—bets free that she would win out, and the afternoon papers printing her picture as queen in every edition. They say Hazel bought a real lace gown in anticipation—but she can wear it lots of places, as she is out this winter. But, dearest, you can't always count on what the V. P. may not do. Don't you recall that Maud Niedringhaus episode of several years ago when we all—including Maud—made our plans to see her crowned, and nothing happened? I think Marie Scanlan, who is now Mrs. George Tiffany—heaven bless his genial, social soul,—he does so much for the good of society—was the dark horse who came in under the wire first—or, perhaps, it was Emily Wickham,—anyhow, it wasn't Maud; of that we all became quite certain. You see, the V. P. arrangements aren't quite so cut and dried as one might suspect.

Mrs. Harry Hawes was a matron—looking splendid, showing the fine effects of her long out-door





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vacation in Old Virginia, and gowned in pink that well became her. Mrs. Randolph Laughlin, a sweet little woman in white; Mrs. Saunders Norvell, who always makes one want to lean her way; Mrs. Walker Hill, resplendent in the Hill diamonds,—all these were in the matrons' list, and proud of the fact, and the element of mystery still remains. Well, they could not have chosen a more queenly looking queen than Julia—she fairly outdid herself, and dear old Mrs. Cabanne, who is the sweetest woman in the world, was so proud that it was good to look at her. Julia wore a cream colored chiffon, made very plain, but elegant, and it suited her down to the ground. Then she knows how to walk as if the whole bloom-in' populace wasn't worth a kippered herring, Jane, and that's the only way. Let these ten-cent underlings feel that you are some, dearest, whether you are or not—and you generally are.

The maids stacked up awfully well, but the ball on the whole, was punk. I mean that the real people who usually go late and wear their old black net gowns that are frayed around the skirt ruffles, didn't show up at all, and the nouveau riche came in flocks and droves. You must talk this way about the ball if you pretend to be anybody, but all the same you're dead sore if you're not invited.

Julia's three maids were pretty nice; Mary Boyce, who looked splendid in a plain kind of white dress

—Louise Augustine, who is not very well known—lives way out in the country somewhere—and Julia Niccolls, the Niccolls-Ritter people, who is a pretty little brunette, but wore the most awful gown that I ever laid eyes on—all gold bullion, and weighted down with heavy embroidery and things, until it looked only suitable for a dowager duchess. Julia's slim little figure rose from these mountains of gold and mines of silver, like an asparagus tip from the spring emulsion—Jane, that's an awful inelegant comparison, but, really, that gown was too terrible for description—it looked expensive, all right, all right, and, after all, dearest if we have money why let's look the part. All the old girls were conspicuous by their absence, and the crowd was quite youthful—Grace Massey, who was much over-dressed, with lots of fussy tulle bows and things, though she looked very pretty, as always; Marie Nidelet, whose gown was most unbecoming—a blue and yellow combination; Julia Lake, whose flower-face was extremely well set in a pale pink gown,—really, Jane, the crowd was well chosen, and reflects credit on the V. P. who did it.

Mrs. "Ham" Handlan was one of the stout persons. Really, Jane, she is getting enormous, and I advise a course of Hot Springs baths, or something equally strenuous. She wore a skin-tight black costume—covered with spangles and sich, and honestly,

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I felt every minute as if it might fall off her shoulders and—well, Jane, enough said. Ham gets thin-

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Washington Ave. and Sixth St.

ner as his wife gets stouter—the law of compensation, I suppose.

Well, darling, I can't think of anything more thrilling about the V. P., so will switch to the October weddings. Leslie Aglar and Gertrude Rockwood have announced their engagement—high time, for they have been devoted for at least four years—I understand that Leslie's poetry has only recently melted Gertrude's heart, and we all rejoice that 'tis so. Poetry is a great factor in love-making, Jane. Never do you marry a man that can't rhyme. He might beat you.

✧

Jane, if there's one thing under the seven stars that I just can't abide it is an ill-mannered man. Saw Chris Kenney the other afternoon standing in front of Huyler's talking to his wife and another girl. Along came two men that knew him. He just nodded casually in their direction, as much as to say, "Oh, you're all very well, but you're not married to one of the prettiest and richest girls in town," and, Jane, as I live and breathe, he never even lifted his hat. Now wasn't that an awful breach? I can remember when the boys were little how father used to lecture them on lifting their lids and I do believe, Jane, that he told 'em to keep their hats off most of the time. Honestly, ducky, I'd rather know a man who lied and cheated and burgled if he did 'em in a gentlemanly manner, rather than one who was good, but boorish. That's awful heresy, but you know I mean it, dearest. But it's all in early training, Jane. We'd, every mother's daughter of us, be savages, now that's no prevarication—if we weren't guided along decent lines by the people about us. And some of us haven't got any people, but those whom we meet in family hotels—sad, but true.

✧

The Horse Show looks like a big hit, in a society way. Mrs. John O'Fallon Delaney, on the first night, was about what Mrs. Astor would be in New York. I was swept away by Mrs. Sel. Edgar's black hat with white plumes, and Mrs. Med Johnson, in white broadcloth, was magnificent, while Mrs. Rudy Limberg was dashing piquant with raspberry trimmings, and her Parisienne pout when a premium didn't please her. Mrs. Lawnin and Mrs. Behr—the Sanford girls—dressed up to the occasion, but at that, didn't seem to enjoy it, and Mrs. Chout Scott looked tropical in the thirty-third degree. Mrs. Jimmie O'Neill, in pale blue satin and silver, was sort of Moonlighty in effect, and Mrs. Pete Wilson and Mrs. Eddie Gould were of luscious thrill together in a box. Stella Schnurmacher and Nancy Girardi traveled in

a pair, and looked like peaches. Mrs. Paul Brown looked like the "comer" she is socially, and Mrs. Lacey Crawford, in lavender, was enthusiastic. Mrs. Herman Luyties' white lace effect was awfully becoming, and Mrs. Billy Lemp's purple was of royal effect in the Handlan boxes. I don't think I ever before realized how thoroughbred was Mrs. Horace Rumsey, as she queened it in a wealth of hand-painted effects—on her gown. Ruby Fullerton was going the speed limit in looks, with no county officials to stop her, as they did in her automobile. Stella Wade was interesting, as usual, but more so because her wedding is so imminent. She begins to look maternally already, or to try to. Mrs. George Willard Teasdale's lilac and cream made me think of one of those rich drinks with cream on top, that you get in cordial glasses. And Mrs. Tom Anderson! There she was, the pink of grace, in a pink poem of a gown. The Byron Nugents and the Lakes were together, a bunch of fine looking women, set in highly harmonious dry goods. Mrs. Eddie Faust was much in evidence, but I didn't see Mrs. Tony, Jr., though I was told that was because there was such a crowd around her. Mrs. Gussie Busch had with her Miss Lily Schubert, the newest flower of South Side beauty, and Mrs. Gussie herself has the looks and the gowns to help such a foil. Margery Ferris, with her distinguished papa and mamma, were in a box with Mrs. George S. Johns, who mustn't be overlooked in any grouping of those women in society who are good to look upon and listen to. Mrs. Charles Huttig, whom I'd never met before, held quite a levee in her box, and if I mistake not, there's a woman who's going to be a big it in social stunts when she makes up her mind. Mrs. Herman Steinwender showed up in all her arpeggio coloratura *chic*—a dainty high-stepper. Anna Koehler was the piece de resistance in the Lyman Hay box, but Mrs. Hay's self in a woven dream of Irish lace was the life of a very lively party. Mrs. Billy Steer, in Alice blue and Irish lace, was more than pretty. There were, it seemed, half a dozen Orthwein ladies together, and they were much interested in the show, as why not? Isn't it Max's show? Mrs. John Schroers was a distinguished figure in the horse-shoe of beauty and fashion. Mrs. Joe Widen seemed to have much more gown than anybody, and the *Re-public* thought so, too, for it singled her out for a big picture Tuesday morning. Mrs. David R. Calhoun was in no danger of being overlooked, a symphony in pale blue, and with some gorgeous diamonds. Mrs. Gus Pabst, one of the Lemp girls, whose husband is one of those who have "made Milwaukee famous," was notable for her violets, and Miss Alex. Konta

## Every Woman

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shone beside her in an array of charming simplicity. Virginia Clardy, one of the new girls, entertained a sparkling bunch of youngsters, and Mrs. William Dee Becker was panoplied up to her reputation as one of the new stunners in society. Ada Wenneker was sweeter than any of her papa's Nadja Caramels, and Mrs. George Walton Flersheim and Mrs. Cyrus Blanke, were notable, the latter in a creamy white lace "blend." I don't know that the crowd was up to the standard in size the first night, but it was a lively one, and afterwards I saw more of it at McTague's new annex. You should see that place. My dear, McTague has a real innovation. He has installed colored maids in vestibules to the retiring rooms, a veritable godsend. Then he has the place so softened with yellow silk shades over the thousand lights, and with coppery leather effects in an upper dado and a wilderness of mirrors that the effect is enchanting. He has a twelve-piece orchestra, and a leader who gets up and does the artistic gymnastics in leading, like Creature or Sousa, witching the eye as well as the ear, and there's a special round table in the middle, right under a beautiful big bronze lamp with red trimmings, and there you sit and look



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and be looked at, and feed to your heart's—metaphorical, this,—content. All rich and tasty and comfy, and Jane, those maids in the retiring room! Won't all women thank McTague for that thought? Why, I could kiss him—if he wasn't married.

\*

I hear the bridesmaids at Stella Wade's wedding are going to wear polo caps, and carry tennis racquets in their hands. But this may be only rumor, Jane. Stella never struck me as particularly athletic, but maybe Charlie Scullin is trembling in his shoes. What an awful experience for a mild and delicate little man—not that Charlie is any of those, Jane—to find he's married a female Amazon. You know I can't abide the strenuous girl, darling, and I still love real lace on my—lingerie. Speaking of the manly sports, I went out several afternoons to see the tennis matches, and they were great. Mimi Garesche, 'Beth Donaldson, Lenore Scullin Clark, and several others put up some great games. My, but how they did perspire. You know I can't stand anything violent like that, dearest, and one gets so blowsy and hot, and not nice looking at all. They say the English champeen, May Sutton, plays in tight corsets and a Marcel wave which "stays in," dearest, all the time she is on the court. I can scarcely credit the fact, but am told by that young English sportswoman, Lady "Whatshername," who was here a week ago with a football team, that such is the case. Motor-ing is as far into the outdoor diversions as I care to venture, but I can't seem to solve the problem of clothes, Jane. And what's more, none of the women whom I know are doing any better than myself. Mrs. Dave Calhoun, who is one of our authorized beauties, spelled in capitals, Jane, never looked so unattractive in her life as the other day when I saw her in a new auto suit which was—well, fright doesn't begin to fit the situation, dearest. It was made out of pink pongee—that very smart material—but the pink was fierce, Jane, and no mistake. She wore some kind of a skirt—cut to fit—and over it a box coat, built after the pattern of a man's pajama jacket—and this, was even fiercer. Her hat, which nobody could see—was completely disguised under a terrible brown veil—that ugly shade of brown which makes even the prettiest of us—us—did you get that, Jane?—look like thirteen cents—and that's the finish. Shm brown chiffon, Jane, if you would desire to impress those silly frog consumers that you are rapidly acquiring a taste for. It makes the clearest complexion look sallow, and is death to the olive skin. Mrs. Wear,—the Philadelphia girl that I can't remem-

ber, is either Mrs. Joe or Mrs. John—had on a big plum colored affair recently that was not at all bad, and fairly becoming, but while these dark veils for the auto are all right on the economy question, I prefer to stick to pale blue or white, which always are becoming if they are fresh. Which makes me think that if you've any influence with Lionberger Davis, Jane, I wish you would use it for the complete extermination of that red band on his fall lid. It makes him look too "kiddy" for anything, and is altogether a slander on Vandeventer place. When you write—I believe you still correspond with Berger, or is it Teddy Mallinckrodt?—kindly remonstrate and induce him to grow a beard like his handsome father, or something else that will take away the callow youth appearance.

\*

Jane, come home at once. The birth rate is falling off—as I wrote you, four months ago—but what can you expect in a town where Horse Show judges didn't recognize the class to which Guy Fortune belonged and gave him a prize? Maybe President Roosevelt thinks the Bridge Arbitrary keeps out the babies and therefore wants it abolished. Great town this! Some thing named Henry Alfred Grant—never heard of him before, hope I never will again—made love to a New York woman at San Augustine and then turned over the evidence to convict the woman to her husband. Isn't that chivalric? And we've got no representative woman in the New York beauty show, run by Bernarr McFadden,—we called him Barney out here. We've had a bogus count uncovered here—one Lechinsky who married a girl out on Page avenue, and turns out to be only a waiter or something. Grace Van Studdiford is the Horse Show's only rival. She's driving the chappies crazy as *Lady Tease*. Wonderful girl, Gracie. I don't blame Charlie for worshipping her. What would become of him, without her? The only new rich thing in town since you left is Tom Landrum, from Kentucky sah, who runs the Planters. The girls are dotty on his Southern style, sort of antique Harry Hawes, you know. And you know the Lindell avenue bride who was married on the bridge at midnight. Well, her hubby tried to run away from her and she collared him by the ear in a Pullman at Union Station and later he was seen madly tearing along Third street all excited. There's doings there, Jane, or will be. Elopements are a mistake, Jane, and no real man will go into one, except on the most desperate provocation.

Yours flippantly,

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## Criminal Lawyers

By W. M. R.

**A** GAIN the lawyer is in evidence as accessory before the fact and after the money. Joe Ramsey accused Gould of violating the law by using one railroad to hold stock in and control another.

Gould's lawyers admitted this, but said Ramsey had profited by the illegal holdings in the past, and couldn't stop Gould.

Therefore, two wrongs make a right.

So the court seems to hold.

The lawyers in the case have advised both Gould and Ramsey in breaking the law they practically admit was broken.

Are not the lawyers, the eminent lawyers, the real criminals?

## Letters From the People

MR. OLDHAM ON PIE.

St. Louis, Oct. 9th, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

A fierce controversy, instigated by the New York Sun, is being waged through the columns of several newspapers, concerning the merits of the Ben Davis apple. One writer in the Sun declares that the Ben Davis is no more fit for pies than is basswood. He says that this variety of apples is of a gross commercial value, because it always looks well, but that every Missouri woman rigidly excludes it from her kitchen. This writer goes on to say that the average Missouri woman does not care who makes the laws, so long as she makes the pies. Here in Missouri the Globe-Democrat is championing the Ben Davis, and fiercely accuses the Republic of stabbing this noble apple in the back, to enhance the value of the Rhode Island greening. Neither of them, however, has one good word to say for the staid old genitin, the winesap or the rambo, any one of which is far superior to the Ben Davis. And when it comes to looks, the bellflower leaves the Ben Davis away behind. What do these editors know about apples anyway? "Pie" to them is only a political metaphor. Here is the New York Sun locating the Missouri pie belt in Jackson and Lafayette counties, doubtless basing its statement upon some ancient information furnished by the late Col. John T. Crisp, who never was much of a pie-expert anyway. Callaway and Boone Counties are the center of the pie belt, which extends as far north as Macon County, and down to the Arkansas line in Howell County. Saline County is pretty near the entire biscuit belt, a lady at Grand Pass, that county, being the prize biscuit-maker south of the Canadian line. This fact is attested by no less authority than Col. J. West Goodwin, of Sedalia, editor of the *Bazoo*. There are so many superb pie makers in the pie belt that the queen of them all is yet unknown, and consequently uncrowned. But it is worthy of note that the Ben Davis apple is not in favor with any of these ladies as the chief ingredient in a pie. They one and all prefer almost any other variety of apples. Now, if the Sun wants some expert testimony as to the true value of the various variety, so to speak, of Missouri apples, let it open correspondence with Judge James Evans of Clay County, Judge Nelson of Laclede, Capt. Bell of Boonville, Col. O. H. P. Catron, of West Plains, J. L. Irwin of Fulton, Judge H. H. Swift of Jefferson City, Judge Wright of Pulaski, Judge Fox of the Supreme Court, or almost any intelligent man or woman who lives in the greatest pie belt of the world. Let it ask ex-Gov. Dockery as to pie, and whether it should be eaten with a knife. Or ex-Gov. Stephens, as to whether apple pie is properly so called if it be void of cinnamon. For commercial reasons, some of them may hesitate to express an honest opinion as to the merits of the Ben Davis, but none of them will say that it excels or equals any one of a dozen varieties as a pie ingredient. Col. Tom Wand, who eats at one sitting five pies, ranging from mince to pumpkin, will not touch a Ben Davis pie. It is a good seller on the market, because it is a large apple, and always looks well. In that respect it much resembles Big Jim Seibert, late Excise Commissioner. But in the case of the Ben Davis, the old adage that "beauty is only skin deep," is wonderfully verified. The taste and the juice are both lacking. Still, so few people are able to judge apples by their looks that the Ben Davis is always a ready seller at top figures. City people whose digestive organs have been hardened to bakery pies—although

you do get pie as is pie at Tony Faust's—the restaurant syndicate has spared us that—eschew such trifles as the variety of apples used in their make-up. They will go on plodding through life, eating cores, skin and all, in their pies, as handed them by the mercenary bakers, who would grind up the apple barrels and put them in their pies if there was any profit in the same. But there are those who do know good pie, and they one and all prefer any variety of apples over the Ben Davis. I refer to those who have eaten pie at the venerable McCarthy house in Jefferson City. Those who think this discussion is frivolous should hesitate. A move for better pie is a matter worthy of the efforts of every Missourian. It is said that the Southern people owe much of the personal courage for which they are so noted to the fact that they are inveterate biscuit-eaters. Hot biscuits induce dyspepsia, and a man afflicted with this ailment will face cheerfully patent medicine or the muzzle of a loaded cannon. And may it not happen, after the good pie move has fastened itself upon Missouri, that a new and mighty race of men and women may spring up, who will celebrate in verse and song, us sturdy patriots who are now demanding better pie. Senator Stone looks like a man who is no judge of pie. Senator Warner looks to the contrary, since he took to sweets. Patrick Henry wanted liberty. We "have got it," after a kind, but that is not all we want. Col. George Tansey says that even liberty must be tempered by pie to be tolerable, and Col. Tansey is an expert on pie, *facile princeps*. Good pie makes liberty all the sweeter. You can put things in pie that makes Folk's "lid" harmless. So, brethren, let us help the good pie move along. Let the Sunday lid care for itself until all the expert testimony is in, and it is definitely decided what variety of Missouri apples make the best pie. It is better to talk about pie than war. Bonaparte once told Madam DeStael that "the greatest woman living was she who had borne the greatest number of children." That was long ago, and at that time the fame of American pies was unknown in France. Could Bonaparte now visit Missouri in his material person, he would doubtless say that the greatest woman living is she who can make the best pie.

CHARLES B. OLDHAM.

THE BLANCHE SOMERSET DIARY.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 7, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

I am very glad you touched upon the Blanche Somerset diary (published in the *Post-Dispatch*). The newspapers that have published it are, no doubt, void of all scruples. A poor, unfortunate woman, mentally afflicted with diseases from which come impulses that she cannot resist, writes a diary for her own personal use, and the papers come and publish it to the world. The procedure is criminal and cowardly. Criminal, because no one had the right to seize a thing that belonged, in the strictest sense, to another; cowardly, because I am almost positive that if the unfortunate woman belonged to some rich family, who could make difficulties for the newspapers, they would not have published the diary. They attacked a helpless, friendless unfortunate, who could do nothing to prevent the yellow journals from laying her soul bare before the public.

It is regrettable that the press should fall to such depths of immorality. Every honest man and every woman in the land should protest against such criminal procedure. If the "mystery girl" is a criminal we will let the law judge her; if insane, which I doubt not she is, the asylum will make her poor life miserable enough; but under no cir-



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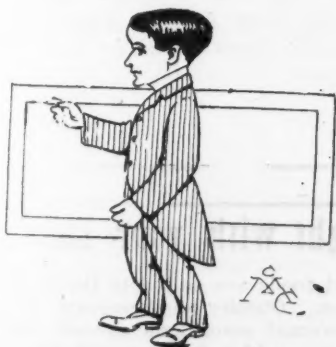
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cumstances have the newspapers any right to publish her diary.

Besides, the influence such a piece of work has on persons slightly afflicted with similar diseases, is most pernicious. But the newspapers will say the case is of scientific value. So it is. The diary is one of the most interesting documents to the student of psychology, and to the criminologist. The diary should then have been turned over to scientists, and left to them to give such parts of it to the world as would prove beneficial. Be it remembered, too, that scientists do not use names of persons whose cases they present, for obvious reasons.

The newspapers should learn some honest and higher methods to keep up the interest of the public. If journalism is to sink to the lowest depths of immorality, let it disappear. An institution that endeavors to live by appealing to the lowest classes, nay, to the lowest sentiments of these classes, should die. The sooner the better.  
O. LEONARD.

\*\*\*

### May Company a Prize Winner

The prizes offered by the horse show management for the most artistic window display advertising their show, induced more merchants and firms than ever before to enter the competition. The result was many handsome and unique displays in which the public took a keen interest. None who witnessed the excellent exhibit in the windows of the May Company's store at Sixth and Washington could withhold judgment on its claim to first honors. It was the most artistically arranged, and the judges who were appointed to award the prizes thought, as did all who saw it, that it was worthy of the first prize and so they decided. The May Company has a reputation for tasteful window displays, and their reward has always been a generous patronage from the public.

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## Theatrical

## LADY TEAZLE.

When Grace Van Studdiford, as *Lady Teazle*, came tripping and singing on the Garrick stage Monday night, it is just possible that she set a sizzling pace for her contemporaries as well as the future crop of comic opera queens. And if they don't work in a "speed law" on her, there's likely to be an awful swath of daylight between her and the next nearest. In "Lady Teazle" Miss Van Studdiford is one of the plumpest and prettiest human melodies—looks just like she might have had a "double" within the ken of the elegant, R. Brinsley Sheridan, way back in the misty past. She succeeds Lillian Russell, and then some. Triumph is written in her every note, word and deed.

Monday night Grace had her high tension dynamos working in excellent shape. The waves of magnetism that emanated from her dashed like Atlantic billows against the audience. She had everybody electrified—even the humblest ones in the cast were under her magnetic sway, and energetically set themselves to the pleasure, not the task, of making her *Lady Teazle* just what it proved to be—one of the prettiest and most artistic performances, from every point of view, seen in St. Louis this season.

The classic old English comedy set to music never appeared sprightlier or mellower. None of the elegancies of line or situation of "The School for Scandal" has been sacrificed to make it masquerade under its new and stagy title. It's all there in its pristine glory of wig, and silk and satin gorgeous. And the music, with which it has been ornamented, is most appropriate to the piece—classy and catchy, full of melody and force. No less than twenty-five, a generous measure, of musical numbers are scattered through the two acts and one scene. And the girls—concert hall and Macaroni "boys"—all "peaches"—seventeen of them right from the orchard. In the matter of acting, every one in the cast excels. Miss Van Studdiford is a *Lady Teazle* every way you look at her or she looks at you. And never has she been in such excellent voice. Talk about reaching the high ones, Grace beats the scale. She sings as easily as a bird—no terrific straining, and stretching or bursting of blood vessels—melody pours from her throat like water down a mountain side.

Miss Della Niven's *Lady Snervell*, is very ably done, and likewise Miss Grace Gresham's *Mrs. Candour*. Both ladies are rich in voice, and have an effective stage presence.

Mr. William Hermann West fills the difficult role of the aged *Sir Peter Teazle*, husband of the *Lady*, in a manner that is as delightfully convincing as it is truthful. And this may also be said of Mr. Chas. Dungan's *Sir Oliver*, Mr. John Dudley's *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, Mr. John Taylor's *Joseph Surface*, Harold Crane's *Charles Surface*, and Mr. Harry Bradford's *Sir Henry Bumpcr*.

Mr. J. Parker Coombs hasn't much in the way of lines, but he is all there when his cue to sing comes.

In the chorus features there is the stamp of originality and refined taste, and not a little of selective skill. All have excellent voices. And nothing quite so swell in the costume line has been here for some time.

"Lady Teazle," in short, in the vernacular of the street, is the "goods."

## "HOME FOLKS."

"Home Folks" may or may not be the equal in dramatic qualities of "Way Down East," but there's one thing sure—no actor or actress will ever get a niche in the "Temple of Fame" impersonating any of its characters. There's nothing to it that requires great histri-

onic talent. It is a plain presentation of very commonplace romance among commoners, and it is not above the melodrama. Still, it is entertaining, and, perhaps, doubly so, to St. Louisans, because of the prominent part that beloved native son, Archie Boyd, takes in the production. The story is laid at Red Oak, Ill., and carries a brace of love affairs—one serious, the other semi-comic—and an embryotic one of still more laughable proportions. It hinges on a young man who has run away from his St. Louis home, fallen in with bandits near Red Oak, and is rescued by his faithful sister and her admirer, the hero, just in time to prevent his being lynched on a charge of horse-stealing, trumped up by the villain, who loved his sister in vain. Edwin Arden assumes the role of farmer-hero and well, but he can't help leaving the impression that he graduates too quickly from the ruralist. But he has all the dash of the melodramatic hero, and a knockout punch fit for a Battling Nelson that he tries on the villain.

The real treat in character portrayal comes when Archie Boyd, our own Archie, as *Joe Hawkins*, and Arthur S. Sanders as *Old Mat Niles*, Red Oak's richest citizen, are on. Mr. Boyd is, perhaps, more familiar with the character of the countryite than any actor on the stage, and he is the real goods bearing the label, "made in St. Louis," as the chap who was fit only to fiddle and fish. His love making scenes with Mattie Ferguson, past-mistress of the fat woman's society, are cleverly carried out and provocative of mirth. In fact, Mr. Boyd approaches nearer the ideal country suitor than Mr. Arden, who is supposed to be from the "same diggins" in the play, and not much more polished.

But to get back to Mr. Sanders—his is a graphically true picture of that branch of the farmer family that wears the billy-goat whisker. His method of making known his tender regard for the



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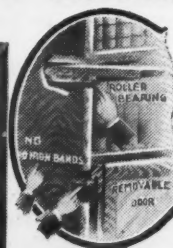
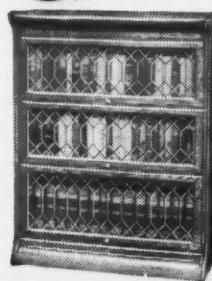
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Widow Selby, and his efforts to outwit his wily competitors are of the few pieces of real comedy in the play.

William H. Burton as *Squire Andrews*, is some pumpkins, too. He is the one with the widow with a thirty-year start that he really didn't think he had.

But of the others who take prominent male parts, such as Thomas Ince, the erring brother, and Joseph W. Smiley, the villain, they are not so impressive. Mr. Ince doesn't warm up to his job properly, and Mr. Smiley may also be considered lacking in fire.

Little Miss Mary Ryan, as *Ruth Clayton*, the heroine, is quite a clever emotional actress, with a rare mastery of facial expression. Her conception of the character of the faithful sister seeking to reclaim her wayward brother, is effective, though done with a consideration for common sense. Miss Ryan brightens the production immeasurably, and so does Kate Lester, the beautiful village widow, who could make a fortune if she could only establish a matrimonial bureau in Red Oak.

Mabel Brownell, the belle of the Bottoms, where a bandit band holds sway, looks like Belle Starr when she wants to but isn't at all pleased with her environment. She is quite a capable actress.

The village boys, bare-footed, and swimming in the old pool, make quite a hit, especially when at the end of their plunge they are forced to go home in barrels. Their entrance in this attire is the signal for house-shaking applause.

"The Sho Gun" is making things merry at the Century this week. There are some new faces in the cast to add interest to the production, but in the principal roles there are no changes. Mr. John D. Henshaw, who is a very good comedian, still has the role of *Spangler*, the American promoter, and it isn't necessary to say that he promotes much of the fun that moves the show along. May Ten Broeck is not slow, either, as the odd old *Dowager Empress*. Genevieve Day is the charming widow, *Omee-Omi*. Agnes Caine Brown is also attractive as the niece of the former *Sho-Gun*. The production is tastily staged, and seems to be as popular as ever.

Kolb and Dill are putting up an entertainment at the Grand this week that is an improvement on Weber and Fields in many respects. They appear in a musical comedy entitled "I. O. U.", in the plot of which is involved the labor problem with its rapid-fire and ridiculous strikes, growing out of the management of an hotel. Kolb and Dill as the tall and short German comedians are really clever. So is Ben Dillon who assumes the role of a Celt. Edith Mason and Charlotte Vidot are among the capable women in the production. And the company as a whole gives a very good account of itself. A Maori chant and dance is one of the catchy features of the performance. There are pretty girls a-plenty with the show and the scenic effects including the illumination are quite fanciful. Kolb and Dill's is in reality a Western show, the principals having been for some seasons past, engaged in touring Western towns, and Australia and New Zealand.

Handcuffs have no terrors for Mme. Vanos, who with her husband, Will puts up one of the best specialties at the Standard this week. She slips out of any old cuff. And her husband's wonderful crucible in which iron ore is melted in a jiffy and a horse-shoe is cast in thirty seconds is mystifying. The Standard's attraction in other respects is up-to-date burlesque entertainment. The entire company of "Dainty Parceans" appear in the skit "Married

Bachelors." Other standard entertainers are Kellar's Zouave Girls, T. G. Brown, Ida Howell, Montgomery and Canter, who appear in specialties.

Joe Watson, Chris Whelan and Harry Keeler extract many a laugh at the Gayety where the Bon Ton Burlesquers hold forth this week. They are the life of the two burlettas "Americans in Spain" and "Miss Bell's Ladies' Seminary." Marcena Navarro and Marcena in a novel gymnastic exhibition, Toma Hanlon's new and tuneful melodies and Berg's Merry Girls are the leading features of the olio.

At the Imperial where "A Wife's Secret" is showing this week, tears and smiles come in bunches and close together. The play deals with the trials of the young wife of a minister, who is driven from home principally through the persecution of a hypocritical old maid sister of the clergyman, and is rescued eventually from the man who originally sought to lure her from home, by a newsboy and a policeman. Miss Virginia Thornton plays the part of the persecuted wife with considerable force. And Mrs. Charles Craig, as a faithful negress, who quits the parsonage to accompany the discarded wife, proves a very effective comedienne. Everything is in sweet harmony at the end of the play.

#### Coming Attractions.

Gus Thomas, who seems to be racing with George Ade in the matter of "successes," will be represented at the Century next week by "Mrs. Lefingwell's Boots," a piece said to be bristling with comedy and funny situations. It will be, as far as St. Louis is concerned, something new. Last season the natives in New York were so taken with it that it ran 150 nights. It will be presented by a capable company.

"Babes in Toyland," the musical extravaganza that went so well last season, will be at the Olympic next week newly outfitted, and with a company including many of the notables of the musical comedy stage.

"The Paraders," an attraction new to St. Louis, will open a week's engagement at the Grand next Sunday afternoon.

The Fay Foster burlesquers come to the Standard next Sunday, opening a week's engagement with a matinee performance that day. The company includes a number of talented vaudevillians. The music, songs and comedy will be new and different from the ordinary kinds.

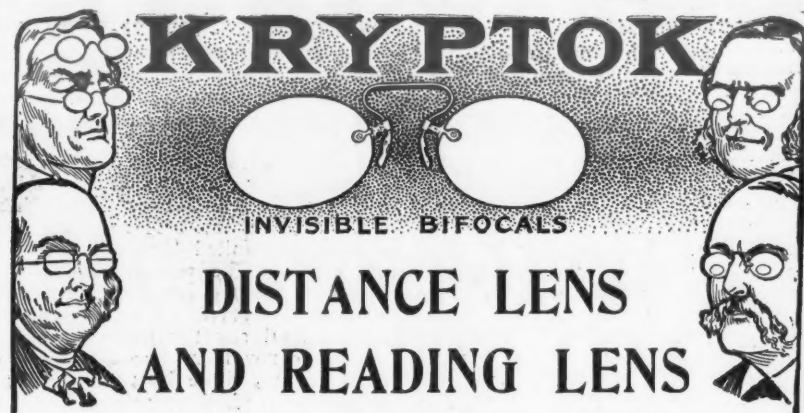
Frank L. Perley's "The Girl and the Bandit," which is admired for its tuneful music, will be the Garrick attraction next week.

Bob Fitzsimmons, the veteran pugilist, will do the heroic stunts in "A Fight for Love," the stirring melodrama that comes to the Imperial for a week, commencing next Sunday matinee. Bob has been seen here before in this piece and was well received.

At the Gayety next week Rose Sydel's London Belles will be the attraction.

Having introduced their stock company as capable interpreters of both drama and musical play, Messrs. Heinemann and Welb have assured their patrons among the Germans and Americans of this city, that their present force is the most adequate they have yet had. To-night "Der Familienstag," (The Family Day), a comedy by Kadelburg, one of the leading playwrights of Germany, will be presented at the Odeon.

Burton Holmes, the eminent traveler, inaugurates his travelogue season at the Odeon to-night (Thursday), offering as his first theme, "The Siege and Surrender of Port Arthur." In this travelogue will be shown many exclusive pictures, actually taken at the front by two correspondents, one connected with the Nogi headquarters, the other with the Kuropatkin forces. These pictures are absolutely genuine and triumphs of enterprise and photographic skill. Togo's flagship, The Mikasa, which went to the bottom with 599 of her crew, will also be shown in this picture series.



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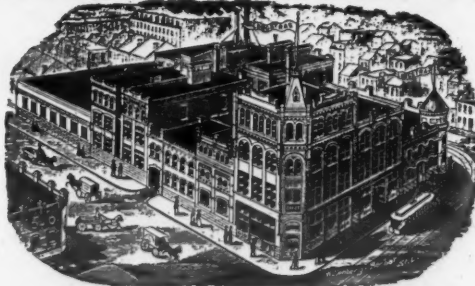
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## The Stock Market

Wall street is worried, and for very good reasons. It does not like the looks of the monetary situation. There's persistent talk among the wisecracks of the street corner that it will be very difficult to avert a most unpleasant pinch, if needed help does not materialize at the psychological moment. The movement of stock exchange prices, in the past week, was erratic, feverish and uncertain, and this in spite of vigorous bull manipulation in a few of the specialties, the industrial list particularly. What trading there was, could not be considered worth special attention, inasmuch as it was almost exclusively professional, the public persisting in its attitude of cautious aloofness. For the present, the market's fate is hanging in the balance, with the leaders of both factions anxiously watching developments in the monetary position.

The financial situation in Europe is distinctly bad. No doubt about this, since the latest showings of the Bank of England and the Bank of Germany were given out. The British institution's ratio of reserve to liability has fallen to 38%, a level abnormally low for this time of the year, and one that, ordinarily, foreshadows disturbances in security markets. The bank is still losing gold rapidly, and in large volume. The latest statement showed a loss of \$11,600,000 within one week, and further withdrawals cannot be avoided, according to the opinions of financial experts in London. All security markets in Europe are depressed. British consols are on the down grade, so are foreign government issues and South Africans. At Berlin the situation is still worse. The Bank of Germany's cash reserve, last week, was down to \$183,000,000; it was \$198,000,000 on the same date in 1904, and \$214,500,000 in 1903. The present is the lowest level since 1900 and 1899, when German and British financial markets were in a menacing state of upheaval, and prices falling right and left. Owing to prevailing conditions and prospects, the German institution has advanced its rate of discount from 4 to 5 per cent. In 1899, the rate shot up to 7 per cent. The financial strain in Germany is the result of over-speculation and recent borrowings by Russia and Japan. In this connection, it may be stated that Russia will soon issue another loan of almost \$400,000,000. This Russian loan, it is predicted, will be followed by fresh borrowings on the part of Japan.

The strongest financial institution in the world, at this time, is the Bank of France, which has about \$600,000,000 gold in its vaults, and which, if it cared, could readily replenish German, British and American coffers. Up to this writing, however, for reasons, no doubt, connected with the prospective Russian and Japanese loans, and also the somewhat impaired speculative position at Paris,—the Bank of France has refused to part with substantial amounts of its hoardings. It lost \$5,000,000 last week, but this sum was divided into several portions, some of it finding its way to Germany. Indications are good that the Bank of England will be compelled to order another advance in its discount rate, which is now 4 per cent. Owing to the delicate situation in the world's money markets, it is intimated, on excellent authority, that the Japanese government has decided not to withdraw any of its New York balances at this time.

The other day, the Wall street call money rate advanced to 8 per cent, the highest since December 31st, 1903, when the rate touched 9 per cent. It will be remembered that at the close of 1903 the speculative market in New York was in a demoralized condition, with quotations for many leading stocks from forty to fifty points below present

levels. The bank statement issued last Saturday showed a decrease in surplus reserves of more than \$3,150,000. The reserves are now only \$4,286,175 above the legal limit of 25 per cent, a level that must be regarded as fully warranting the cancellation of Wall street loans and apprehensions of tighter money rates.

Taken all in all, the stock market prospects are not encouraging to bulls for the present. There's danger ahead, and lots of it, too. If Europe's bankers, or the United States Treasury do not come to the rescue, something is going to smash. No doubt about that. The fatuous supposition that any coterie of Wall street gamblers would be willing to pay from 6 to 8 per cent on stocks that yield only 4 per cent, and even less on purchase prices, for an indefinite length of time, is utterly untenable. If Wall street cliques were convinced, at this time, that the call rate would not again fall below 5 or 6 per cent for, say, two months to come, they would not hesitate a moment to throw as many stocks overboard as the market would absorb, without going all to pieces.

And, yet, prosperity continues in evidence throughout the length and breadth of this marvelous country. With but few exceptions, the great railroad systems are piling up enormous surpluses. The August statements of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, to cite only these two instances, revealed a net gain of \$467,478 for the former, and \$386,403 for the latter. Since July 1st, 1905, the Union Pacific gained \$918,983, and the Southern Pacific \$977,438 in net revenues. Results such as these are truly remarkable, and go a long way towards accounting for the obstinacy with which holders of railroad shares cling to their possessions, in hopes of still higher prices.

That the Illinois Central can easily continue the payment of 7 per cent. dividends, is clearly demonstrated by the recently published annual statement of that company. During the fiscal year 1904-05, the company accumulated a surplus applicable to dividends of \$11,361,108, equal to about 10½ per cent on the outstanding capital stock. The ratio of operating expenses to gross revenues has been lowered from 74.1 in 1904 to 70.9 in 1905. A further reduction to about 65 per cent may safely be looked for within the next few years. In the face of such figures, the present price of the stock—180—cannot be regarded as unreasonable. It will pay very handsomely to buy Illinois Central on every sharp break. What was predicted in these columns many weeks ago has come true: Illinois Central is

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#### LOCAL SECURITIES.

Mobile Trust has risen to 401½ at which quite a number of sales were recorded. At this price, the stock pays a price less than 4 per cent. State National sold at 191, with limited offerings. Third National changed hands at 348 and Bank of Commerce at 343½. There's some good quiet buying noticed in Third National. Commonwealth Trust is in limited demand at 344. There are purchasers for Missouri-Lincoln at 142, and for Title Guaranty at 63½.

The street railway group displayed less activity. United Railways common is quoted at 30¼ bid, 30½ asked. The preferred is selling at 81½. The 4 per cent bonds found buyers at 87½. For Missouri Railroad 5s 100 is bid, 101 asked.

A lot of five shares of American Credit Indemnity changed hands at 178. Kansas City Home Telephone voting certificates rose to about 80¾ on spirited buying. The 5 per cent bonds are selling at 96½. Joplin Home Telephone 5s sold at 93. A lot of 50 shares of Chicago Railway Equipment found a buyer at \$7.05 per share. For Kennard Carpet Co. stock 128½ is bid, none offering. The stock gained a point or so, compared with the last previous sale. For Laclede Gas common 100 is bid, with no offerings at this time. For Simmons Hardware first preferred 130½ is asked, with no bids. St. Louis Brewing 6s are quoted at 101¼ bid, 101½ asked.

Last week's bank-clearances amounted to \$57,988,650, which compares with \$53,355,439 for the corresponding week in 1904. Drafts on New York are quoted at 10 cents discount bid, par asked. Sterling exchange is quoted at 4.85½, cable, Berlin at 95.08, and Paris at 5.18.

♦♦♦

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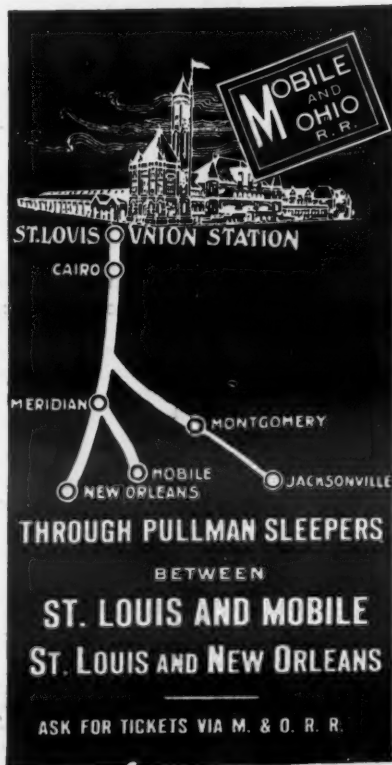
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## Society at the New Planters

In point of brilliancy the scene at the Planters' Hotel last Tuesday evening was second only to the gorgeous spectacle which was presented at the Veiled Prophet's ball. Society made its headquarters at the Planters' during the brief reign of His Majesty, and the magnificent hostelry entertained its guests in a manner most befitting the royal occasion.

Of course, the principal feature of the Planters' on Veiled Prophet's night was the scene in the dining rooms, which rivaled Fairyland itself. Hundreds of those who pay homage to the Veiled Prophet repaired to the Planters' for refreshments, the crowd being a record breaker.

It was a splendid gathering of representative citizens of St. Louis, that assembled in the Planters' during the intermission at the ball, and one that would have done credit to a real kingdom, instead of a mystic one alone. The beautiful women, for which St. Louis is noted, constituted the principal attraction. Their handsome gowns lent an exquisite color effect, which was greatly heightened by the contrast with the conventional evening clothes of their escorts. There was a sprinkling here and there of members of the militia, with their blue and gold, and the whole presented a picture which would have done credit to any artist.

The true spirit of revelry, which prevails among the subjects of the Veiled Prophet, was marked here, and mirth reigned supreme. Genuine, hearty laughter could be heard on all sides, and all but the lighter subjects were tabooed.

Many expressions of praise for the excellent service rendered by the new management of the Planters' could be heard, and Col. Tom J. Landrum, president and general manager, received many congratulations for the success of his efforts at the first Veiled Prophet's ball given since he assumed charge.

The menu card bore a cover design symbolic of the Veiled Prophet, and the menu itself could well have graced a court banquet. The viands were prepared in the proper style, and an extra force of waiters was on hand, making the service all that could have been desired. Not only was the cafe on the first floor crowded, but the upper or American plan dining room was pressed into service.

In response to the cards of announcement of the change in the management of the Planters' Hotel, which stated that the policy would be one of hospitality, many citizens of St. Louis came to the Planters' to view the parade, and to meet their friends. Col. Landrum and his corps of assistants extended a hearty welcome to all, and substantial evidence was given of his sincerity in extending hospitality.

Before and after the parade the parlors and famous Turkish rooms were thrown open to the public. The galleries, which afforded a fine view of the parade, were crowded with as many persons as they could hold.

Col. Landrum, who has become identified with St. Louis in a social as well as business way, stated that the Veiled Prophet's parade and ball were brilliant affairs, and as a St. Louisan, he feels proud of the showing his adopted city has made. "Feel gratified," said he, "at the response to the announcement cards, and desire to express my appreciation at their presence. The persons I saw at the ball and at the Planters' Hotel that evening were of such a character as to reflect great credit upon St. Louis."

♦♦♦

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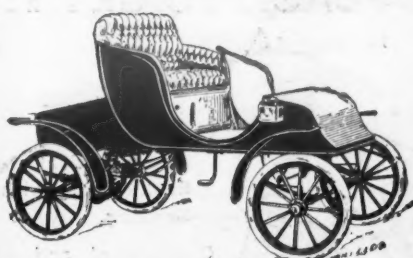
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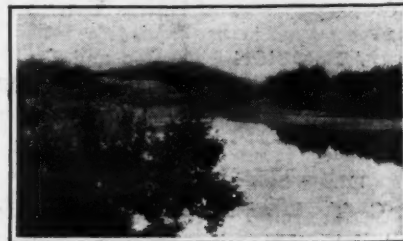
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